

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

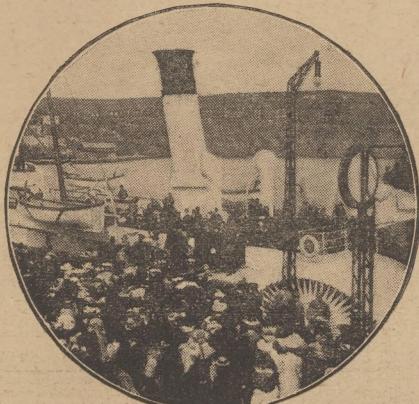
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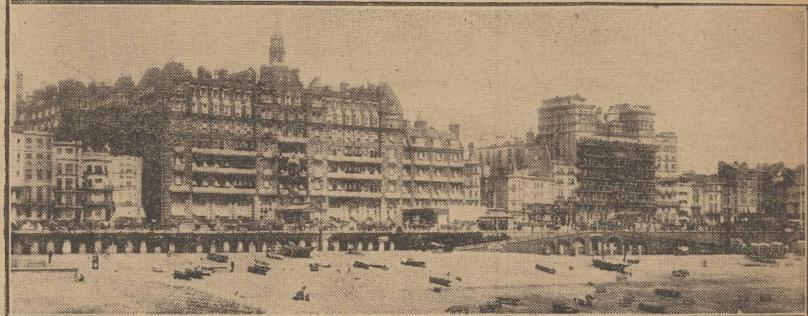
SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

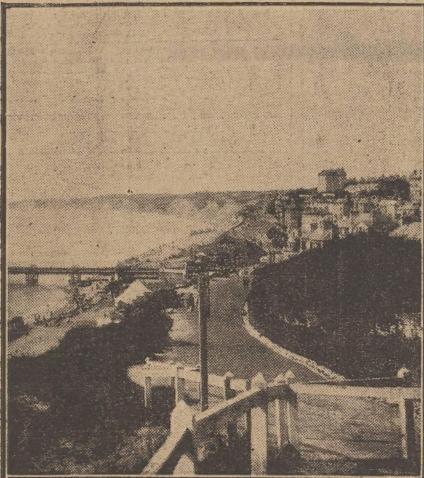
WHERE PEOPLE ARE SPENDING THEIR EASTER HOLIDAYS.



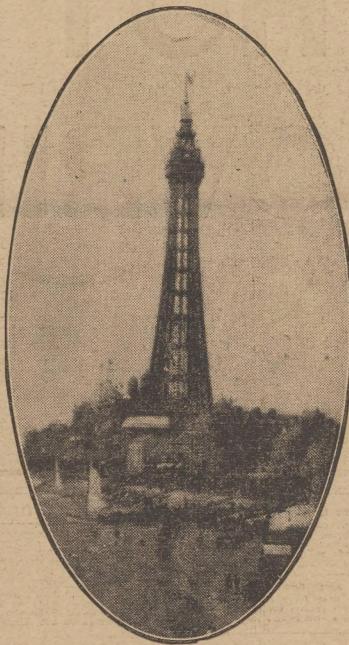
Off to the Continent for Easter. ... Crowds can be seen embarking on the cross-Channel steamer at Folkestone, bound for Boulogne and thence to Paris, Switzerland, Italy, and the sunny South of France.



The sea-front palaces at Brighton, where Londoners go in thousands.



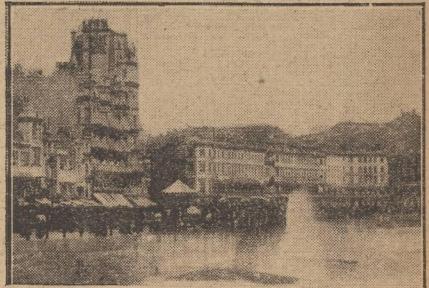
Bournemouth is the place for people who are in search of a mild temperature.



Blackpool is the most popular seaside resort of the people of Lancashire.



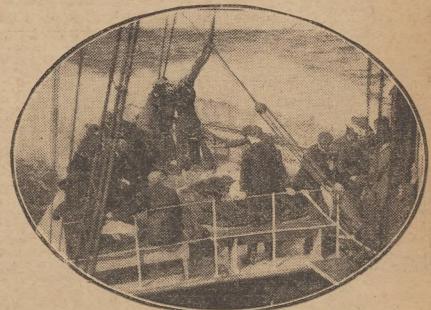
Southport is invaded by numberless holiday-makers from Manchester and the other great Midland towns.



Hastings accommodates a huge crowd of visitors from London.



Eastbourne is among the brightest, breeziest, and most popular of seaside pleasure-towns.



Trippers to the Channel Islands getting their first breath of sea-air.

(Photos by Austin, Gibson, and Frith.)

GOOD FRIDAY RAILWAY SMASH.

Terrible Accident to a North-Western Train.

TWO KILLED.

Five People Seriously Injured—Shocking Scene.

Good Friday has not passed without a terrible railway disaster such as seems to dog the holiday season in England.

An accident involving the loss of two lives and serious injury to at least five persons occurred yesterday afternoon at Huddersfield.

A London and North-Western engine was at 2.30 p.m. shunting two coaches of a train which was standing in the station on the up main line.

Just at this time a train from Bradford, with only three coaches attached, dashed in. Owing to a mistake on the part of someone the incoming train collided with terrific force with the shunting coaches.

Fortunately the Bradford train contained very few passengers, otherwise the death-toll would have assumed frightful dimensions.

As it was, the crash was terrible. Fragments of the smashed carriages were scattered in all directions; the derailed coaches lay across the track in hideous confusion; and the roar of escaping steam mingled with the cries and groans of the injured.

The shattered coaches were piled in a heap as high as the signal-box, opposite which the crash took place. A shower of broken glass from the windows was scattered over the whole line.

Help was soon at hand, but it was some time before the full extent of the disaster was known.

The killed were Catherine Milne, aged forty-six, a widow, and G. Farrant, of Longwood, Huddersfield, a mason in the employ of the London and North-Western Railway.

Five of the injured were taken to the infirmary. Their names are:—Joe Banchurch, Cleckheaton; Frank Moore, Cowersal; Arthur Nicholson, Marton; Frances Shillitoe, Wyke; Emily Brearly, Illey.

TERRIFIC EXPLOSION.

Front of a Three-Storey Building Blown Out Into a Street.

Birmingham was startled yesterday afternoon by a terrific explosion which occurred at a factory in a narrow street in the centre of the town, and resulted in the wrecking of several buildings and severe injuries to four persons.

The disaster occurred in the bedstead factory jointly owned by Messrs. Stokes and Co. and Messrs. Philips and Co., in Sherbourne-road.

Fortunately, owing to the holidays, only about ten persons were at work in the factory, about one-fourth of the usual number.

Some of the men had noticed a slight smell of gas, and Florence Green, who was engaged in the basement cleaning, is believed to have struck a light, about five o'clock, and so caused a tremendous explosion, the sound of which was heard for miles around.

Immediately afterwards, to the terror of the few onlookers in the street, the whole of the front of the three-storey building fell into the narrow thoroughfare, and the roof, being left without support, crashed with a roar on to the heap of debris below.

Two adjoining cottages were also reduced to ruins, while the houses and factories in the neighbourhood had every window shattered.

In one factory, immediately opposite, two clerks were flung off their stools and cut about the face and head.

Promptly the fire brigade was on the scene to cope with the flames which had followed the explosion, and it was then found that the ten workers had escaped at the back of the building, two of them; however, having received serious injuries.

The manager, Mr. Vale, who was in front of the building when it collapsed, was badly burned, and had to be treated at the hospital. For a time, no trace of the woman Green could be discovered, but finally a fireman found her in the basement with the debris in flames all round her.

Dragging her out in an unconscious condition, she was hurried to the hospital and detained.

TSAR AND HIS VALET.

Imperial Servant Sent to Siberia for Snapshotting the Emperor.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

MOSCOW, Thursday.—The latest story about the Tsar, which is being told all over St. Petersburg, deals with the dismissal of one of the Imperial valets, named Pustakhin, and the extraordinary revenge taken by the latter's friends on the Emperor Nicholas.

Pustakhin, it is declared, was offered the sum of 10,000 roubles by an American editor if he could supply him with a dozen snapshots of the Tsar, showing the most intimate details of his private life.

By some means the facts came to the knowledge of the authorities. Pustakhin was questioned, his replies were deemed unsatisfactory, and he was summarily dismissed from the Imperial service.

Having lost a good appointment the valet was loth to lose the money which had tempted him. He visited a certain clever photographer, who agreed to "fake" a series of photographs which could not be told from the real thing. The police got wind of Pustakhin's enterprise. The two men were seized, but only after a set of the "faked" negatives had been deposited in a place of safety.

Both culprits were sent to Siberia, but Pustakhin's friends are now taking their revenge and coining money by the secret sale of the spurious photographs, perhaps the most popular of which shows the puny body of Nicholas II. emerging, like Adam, from a colossal bath.

M. DELCASSE TO RESIGN.

Announcement Made After a Cabinet Council at Which He Was Not Present.

PARIS, Friday.—M. Delcassey, who has held the office of Minister for Foreign Affairs since June, 1898, has intimated his intention to resign.

A Cabinet Council was held this afternoon at the Elysée, under the presidency of M. Loubet, and lasted for an unusual time. M. Delcassey was not present. While the Council was sitting the rumour was spread in the lobbies that the Minister was contemplating resignation, and this subsequently received confirmation.—Reuter.

STRICKEN ORATOR.

M. Jaures Seized with Sudden Illness When About to Address the French Chamber.

A somewhat sensational scene was witnessed yesterday in the French Chamber.

M. Jaures, who is one of the most talented and brilliant orators amongst French legislators, rose to reply to an amendment to one of the clauses of the Bill for the separation of Church and State.

Before he could commence his speech he was seized with illness, and amid considerable consternation had to be assisted from the House by his friends.

Happily M. Jaures's condition was not serious, and after an interval he was able to resume his speech.

TERRIBLE CONVENT FIRE.

Eight Girl Pupils and Five Elderly Ladies Meet with Death.

MONTREAL, Friday.—The college of St. Geneviève, situated twenty-five miles from Montreal, was destroyed by fire at midnight last night.

Eight young lady pupils, one nun, and four elderly ladies, who were domiciled in the institution, which was conducted by Roman Catholic sisters, lost their lives.—Reuter.

BREMEN, Friday.—A fire broke out in the docks of the German Nordsee Steamship Company at seven o'clock this morning, and all the wharves and sheds belonging to the German Nordsee Steamship Company, which were constructed of light and inflammable material, have been destroyed. The piers, however, were saved through the timely measures taken by the fire brigade, assisted by a fire-float hurriedly summoned from Bremerhaven, —Reuter.

CURATE COMMITS SUICIDE.

A landlady in the village of Willington, Durham, made a shocking discovery in her house yesterday morning.

Her lodger, the Rev. A. Simpson, curate at the parish church, was lying in bed, having committed suicide by cutting his throat from ear to ear.

Mr. Simpson was thirty-one years of age and exceedingly popular.

A revised royal warrant for the pay and promotion of officers and men of the Army is to be issued next month.

MARRIAGE BY TRICK.

Father-in-Law Flattered by Paragraph in a Nobodies' "Who's Who."

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

VIENNA, Friday.—"Put not your trust in reference books," will henceforth be the motto of Herr Rudolph Schlesinger, a prosperous, but simple-minded tradesman, of Carlsbad.

Amongst the distinguished visitors to that delightful watering-place came Herr Otto von Düring, who condescendingly made the acquaintance of the shopkeeper and his pretty and well-dowered daughter, Eva.

The visitor was delighted with the tradesman's simple family, and they not less with him, for he lent them, among other books, a sort of "Who's Who," in which his high birth, wealth, and services to the nation were extolled in magniloquent phrases.

After a fortnight's acquaintance Von Düring demanded the girl's hand, which the flattered shopkeeper granted, boasting to his friends that he was entering a family which possessed not only birth and wealth, but great intellectual distinction. But a week after the wedding the bride discovered that her husband, though his name was really Von Düring, was a present nonentity without either money or brains.

Her angry father wrote indignantly to the publisher of the "Who's Who," asking how he dared mislead the public. In reply he received a polite note saying that Von Düring's name had been put in at his own expense, and that he, the publisher, would be glad to insert Herr Schlesinger's services to the nation in the next edition, on receipt of a payment of £20.

TOWN WITHOUT BREAD.

Soldiers Make Loaves While Bakers Go on Strike.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Thursday.—Nantes was yesterday without bread owing to the bakers' strike, and many families were reduced to eating farinaceous vegetables as a substitute.

In the afternoon the mayor announced that the master bakers had placed their stocks and plant at the disposal of the authorities, and that bread would be made from day to day by military workers, and distributed by the servants of the municipality.

Among the crowd which assembled to receive the first batch of 2,000 loaves was a municipal councillor and the mayor's clerk.

Meanwhile the strikers parade the streets singing and holding meetings.

TWO MILES OF GOLD.

France Excited Over Reported Discovery of Precious Metal in Madagascar.

Great excitement has been caused in France by the discovery of gold in Madagascar.

Two engineers have found an auriferous vein, which they have traced for over two miles, but they believe it to penetrate further.

It is several yards thick and of great richness, yielding 1,080 grains (nearly 2½oz.) to the ton. In the Transvaal an ounce to the ton is considered very rich.

The shares of a syndicate, founded in 1895 to promote colonisation and commerce in Madagascar, have risen from £58 to £400, and those of a mining company founded at a more recent date have gone up from £4 to £36.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Queen Alexandra is reported to have consented to visit Athens next month.

The Italian railway strikers have decided to resume work.

Snow fell on the Laumennur Hills for several hours yesterday morning.

Herr Otto Wilhelm von Struve, a noted astronomer, who discovered 500 new stars, has died at Berlin.

A Sofia telegram in the "Neue Freie Presse" declares that, if Crete is annexed to Greece, Bulgaria will be proclaimed a kingdom.—Reuter.

With the object of establishing a large ship-building yard at Flensburg, it is stated that the Krupp firm has bought land on the island of Alsen.

NEW YORK, Friday.—A floating target of novel construction will be launched at the Navy yard today. It will have about the same draught as a battleship—viz., 22ft., and it is expected that by means of it naval experts will be able to ascertain the effect of shots fired from the shore on the unarmoured parts of battleships below the water-line.

—Reuter.

BALTIC FLEET

MUST QUIT.

France and Russia Give Notice to Rojestvensky.

AFRAID OF OPEN SEA.

Russian Admiral Would Prefer To Stay in Shelter.

A crisis appears to have been reached in the Kamranh Bay incident.

Everything points to Admiral Rojestvensky being obliged, willingly or unwillingly, to bring to an end his prolonged stay in French territorial waters.

This question monopolises the latest war dispatches from Paris, Tokio, and St. Petersburg.

Through Reuter's correspondent at Paris comes the statement that a telegram from St. Petersburg, which is understood to have an official origin, says that the Russian Admiralty has represented to Rojestvensky that the stay of his squadron is fraught with grave danger.

Still more emphatic is the "Petit Parisien" on the subject. It states that, after calling a conference of naval experts, Lord Lansdowne, as representing the British Government, sent an important dispatch to the French Foreign Office.

Another version of the crisis is supplied by the "Echo de Paris," which states the French Government has addressed a communication to St. Petersburg, and dispatched to Saigon orders for the Russian fleet to leave Kamranh Bay.

The "Central News" confirms this from Paris, adding that Rojestvensky has made known his disinclination at present to go into the open.

In Tokio the popular indignation increases every day. Reuter's correspondent in the Japanese capital says that a monster demonstration is projected in reprobation of France's attitude.

NOTICE TO QUIT.

PARIS, Friday.—The "Echo de Paris" states that the result of the visit of the Japanese Minister to M. Delcassey, the French Government has addressed a communication to St. Petersburg, and have also dispatched to Saigon orders for the Russian fleet to leave Kamranh Bay.—Exchange Telegraph Company.

BRITAIN INTERVENES.

The "Petit Parisien" states that, following upon the application from Japan, the British Government called a consultation of naval experts, Lord Lansdowne afterwards sending an important dispatch to the French Foreign Office.—Central News.

DANGER TO PEACE.

PARIS, Friday.—A telegram from St. Petersburg, which is understood to have an official origin, says:—

"The Russian Admiralty has represented to Admiral Rojestvensky the grave danger to peace which will be entailed if the stay of his squadron on the coast of Annam is prolonged contrary to the laws of neutrality."

"No doubt is entertained that the Admiral will carry out the formal instructions sent to him."

AFRAID OF THE OPEN SEA.

PARIS, Friday.—It is said that Admiral Rojestvensky has secretly made it understood that he has no disposition at present to go into the open.—Central News.

FRENCH NEUTRALITY.

PARIS, Friday.—The French Minister to Tokio has, according to instructions from Paris, given the Japanese Government assurances that French neutrality will be strictly preserved.

POPULAR PROTEST IN JAPAN.

TOKIO, Friday.—The popular resentment in Japan against France is far from being appeased.

Meetings are being held at which the attitude of France is strongly repudiated, and a monster demonstration is projected.

The newspapers continue to discuss the question of the neutrality of France and her responsibility for possible consequences.—Reuter.

ORDERS TO BRITISH CRUISER.

HONG KONG, Friday.—Some activity is noticed among the ships of the British China Squadron now here.

H.M. cruiser Hogue has been ordered to be ready to proceed to sea under full steam at two hours' notice.—Reuter.

ST. PETERSBURG, Friday.—It is stated on the highest authority that M. Witte has resigned.—Exchange Telegraph Company.

HOW ENGLAND SPENT GOOD FRIDAY.

Millions Outdoors on a Dry but Chilly Day.

CHURCHES THRONDED.

Typical April weather characterised Good Friday. Spells of brilliant sunshine were followed by cold showers, and a biting wind blew throughout the day.

Such conditions tended more than ever to the quiet observance of the most hallowed day in the Christian calendar.

London streets wore a deserted aspect. Nearly all shops were closed, and the very few whose business took them into the City area found the greatest difficulty in obtaining the simplest meal.

A tour through the streets showed that many shopkeepers had utilised the Easter cessation of business for spring cleaning. Indeed, the throbbing vacuum cleaners, with the omnibus traffic, supplied almost the only signs of life.

Nipped Blooms in the Parks.

In the parks the effect of a week's easterly wind was only too plainly discernible. The flower-beds showed bravely enough at a distance, but closer inspection revealed the blackened edges of the blooms.

The most striking feature at the railway termini was the evidence of Good Friday activity on the part of London's pedestrian clubs. Groups of knickerbockered men were booking all the morning for the most inviting parts of Sussex and Surrey.

The Good Friday walk has now become an annual institution with many an energetic Londoner.

This day, also, opens the season for many cycle clubs, and quite early in the morning long streams of cyclists scurried out into the country, disputing with motorists possession of the roads.

At Hampstead Heath the wind seemed to have assumed a peculiarly penetrating quality, but many thousands visited it during the afternoon, and plainly enjoyed themselves.

Three Guineas for Skipping.

All day long the annual skipping match was being contested. The value of the ladies' prize was increased this year to three guineas, and was won by an active young lady, who is the inventor of a new step of peculiar intricacy.

At the Crystal Palace a more sober crowd had assembled, the bulk for the purpose of attending the sacred concert held in the afternoon.

The vocalists were Miss Clara Butt, Mme. Kirby Lunn, Miss Agnes Nicholls, Mr. Santley, Mr. Charles Saunders, Mr. Kennerley Rumford.

Outside attractions were provided in the shape of a football match, the Somali camp, and a military tournament.

The reverent observance of the day in the churches was, perhaps, more marked than usual. At St. Paul's the Three Hours Service was conducted by the Bishop of Rochester, the Bishop of London taking the service at Brompton Parish Church, and Canon G. Thompson that at Westminster Abbey.

The services at the Westminster Cathedral were a most impressive nature, including the Solemn Veneration of the Holy Cross.

At St. Anne's, Soho, the performance of Bach's Passion music attracted a large gathering, and the sacred concerts held at various London and suburban theatres were well attended.

The customary Scottish celebration took place on Wimbledon Common, where there were Highland dancing, and piping, and a game of shinty.

Flogging Judas Iscariot.

The observance of curious Good Friday customs showed no falling off. One of the foreign vessels in "The Pool," the ancient custom of flogging Judas Iscariot was observed, finishing up with the tearing to pieces of the effigy of Jesus, a ceremony accompanied by an indescribable din.

At Wapping the devotion known as the "Way of the Cross" was observed with striking solemnity, the procession passing through the streets headed by a large crucifix.

One more hot cross-bun was added to the sixty-six already suspended from the roof of the Widow and Son public-house at Bow.

The forbidding weather did not deter large crowds from visiting all the most accessible seaside resorts for a "blow."

At Brighton the rain held off all day, and the front was crowded with trippers. The number of motor-cars was in excess of anything previously seen there.

Bournemouth attracted huge numbers, the sands and the pine-woods being thronged all day. The weather was cold, but fine, with gleams of cheerful sunshine.

EIGHTY YEARS IN SUNDAY SCHOOL.

There has just died at Hall Croft, Leicestershire, Mr. Thomas Moore, the oldest scholar and teacher in the country. He had regularly attended the Baptist school there for eighty years.

MIXED BATHING.

Brighton Decides Against a Practice That Is Popular Elsewhere.

By the casting vote of the mayor, Brighton Corporation have decided not to allow mixed bathing at the public baths. And there is great disappointment among the youth of Brighton accordingly.

The opposition contended that the arrangements at the borough establishment were totally unsuitable for mixed bathing, and the area of the bath was too much circumscribed. The council were also reminded that by-laws must be approved before mixed bathing could be allowed.

Hopes that the idea will be carried out next season are still held out. For many reasons a man can more quickly and easily instruct in a covered bath his wife, daughter, or sister in the graceful and useful art of swimming than in the sea.

The main secret to be acquired, as all swimmers know, is confidence, and the bounding breakers on the sounding shore or the deep water beyond are equally ill-suited to the timorous learner. And at Brighton even mixed sea-bathing is prohibited.

ASSASSINATED BY TERRORISTS.



Colonel Possoff, Chief of Police at Czestochau, a Russian town near the German frontier, who has been assassinated by poison. Eight days before he received a letter stating that he was condemned to death.

HIGH ART IN BOOTS.

Artists Compete in the Dressing of Berlin Shop Windows.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BERLIN, Thursday.—A competition in artistic window-dressing has been arranged by the Berlin Society of Boot and Shoe Makers.

Picturesque assortments of brown, black, and yellow boots are being prepared with neat structures of aesthetic blacking-tins and jars of boot polish ingeniously set off by bedroom slippers of Oriental magnificence. Infants' gaiters, woolly and warm, fill odd corners, and gigantic military top-boots form a stately background.

High salaries are being paid to artists, who find window-dressing a congenial and lucrative occupation, and the improvement of late throughout Berlin is remarkable, for several other trades have already held competitions.

BEAUTY SPOTS THREATENED.

Efforts To Close Romantic Cornwall Caves to the Public.

Natives and visitors to Penzance are intensely interested in an effort being made by Mr. L. H. Behrens to prevent them having access to several romantic caves in Mount's Bay.

Mr. Behrens, by virtue of a purchase of land he made recently at the head of the cliffs, barricaded the paths leading to the sandy beach and the caves, but the local fishermen destroyed the obstructions.

Legal proceedings have been instituted by Mr. Behrens, who, however, has agreed to leave the paths free until the action is tried, by which he hopes to restrain the public.

EX-POLICEMAN MADE J.P.

Formerly a policeman, Mr. Robert Dixon Nicholson, the newly-elected chairman of the Northwich Urban Council, on Thursday took the customary oaths at the local police court qualifying him to sit on the bench.

DYING BOY'S TELEGRAM.

Raps Message to Lost Father on His Bedstead.

FOUND AFTER TWO YEARS.

Many and strange are the ways in which missing people, deprived of the aid of memory, have been restored to their relatives, but the story of the recovery of her lost husband by Mrs. James Crerand, of Camden, North America, is one of the queerest incidents ever recorded.

Her husband had been missing for two years, and no trace whatever could be found of his whereabouts.

It was while the wandering man's son, a telegraph operator, lay at the point of death, his eyes having closed for the last time, as the watchers around his bed thought, that hope was revived in a strange manner, for the recovery of the lost husband and father.

By the bedside of the dying youth stood one of his brother telegraph operators, who observed him making signs with his hand as though he were dreaming of his work and actually tapping out on the bedstead some words in the Morse code.

Unmistakably the message was read as follows:—

Come home, father, or it will be too late.

When he concluded it was seen that the youth's spirit had passed. His last thoughts had been of his long-lost parent.

Psychological Moment.

The touching incident set Mrs. Crerand wondering whether her son had, in that mysterious moment when the soul leaves the body, seen his son or divined his whereabouts. To-day the queer occurrence is engaging the attention of students of psychological research in all parts of America.

The lost father has been found as the direct result of his son's dying message, which gave renewed zest to the search for him.

The account of his wanderings and return to his wife is remarkable.

In the year 1903 he went to San Francisco on business, and while there was taken ill. Total loss of memory supervened.

Two weeks ago he was traced through his handwriting, a note signed "A Man" being identified by his wife as written by her husband.

Even when the two were confronted he failed to recognise her.

"I do not know who I am," he said. "My mind as to my past is a blank. I didn't seem to have a name, and so signed myself 'A Man.'"

His little five-year-old daughter awakened his memory by leaping into his arms and caressing him.

Then he knew who he was, and at that dramatic moment the events of the last two years, during which he had worked as a book-canvasser, vanished from his mind. He did not remember having forgotten himself.

One odd effect of his experience is that Mr. Crerand's hair suddenly turned from jet black to snowy white.

His son's deathbed message is considered an illustration of the sub-conscious self which is said to be possessed by every human being.

EAST WIND AND SICKNESS.

Apothecaries Reap a Good Harvest Through the Bitter Weather.

Chemists have been besieged during the last few days with requests for "something for backache."

Inquiries among druggists, both in the City and the suburbs, show that there is quite an epidemic of back-aches.

"Seventeen customers this morning asked for something to relieve pain in the back," said a suburban chemist yesterday. "I sold them something for the liver in each case."

A medical man explained to the *Daily Mirror* that the cold east wind was probably the cause, and that the organ affected was, doubtless, the liver.

NOAH'S ARK BAZAAR.

The "Noah's Ark" Bazaar, to be held at Prince's Skating Rink, Knightsbridge, on June 6, 7, and 8, is not an animal bazaar, as its name would imply, but is given in aid of the general funds of "Our Dumb Friends' League," which includes all sorts of institutions for the protection of animals.

ALL THE CLOCKS STOPPED.

Every pneumatic clock in Paris stopped at five minutes past two yesterday morning, and an infinite number of lifts refused to work.

This was due to a workman in one of the electrical stations breaking a tube with his hammer.

'EMPEROR' AS SPORTSMAN.

Jacques I. Said To Be About To Start an English Racing Stable.

His Majesty the King may yet have an Imperial rival on the English Turf. Emperor Jacques I. of the Sahara, it is said, intends starting a racing stable in this country.

He would like to race in France, but France has incurred the "Emperor's" displeasure by refusing him permission to register his Imperial title, on the ground that it is a "pseudonym."

The laws of the French Turf demand that an owner shall race under his own name, and M. Lebady objects to the slight thrown on his Imperial name.

Belgium had the chance of entertaining the Imperial sportsman, but for the same reason Jacques I. will not go to Belgium.

So the famous potentate has turned his eyes towards Britain, refuge alike of alien desperadoes and of Emperors, where he may, if he pleases, sign his name Jones, or Smith, or even Jacques I.

The Imperial colours will be light blue with white sleeves and cap. May they often be borne to victory upon the smiling turf!

DANGERS OF AMERICAN BEEF.

Animals Prepared for Market Amid Revolting Surroundings.

"There are no words strong enough to describe the awful danger," said an eminent authority to the *Daily Mirror* in discussing the insanitary condition of the Chicago stockyards recently brought to light by the medical Press.

Despite the contradictions by Mr. Ogden Armour, the "Beef Millionaire," it is asserted that twelve million animals are annually slaughtered in these factories under the most disgusting surroundings, and the meat is afterwards distributed throughout the civilised world.

In the bullock houses much agony is caused the poor brutes to save a fraction of a minute, and the dirtiest work is done in the dirtiest, darkest, and closest places. The meat is said to be liable to infection from all kinds of germs.

Yet England is the only country which accepts such meat without the Government stamp to certify soundness and cleanliness.

PASSION FOR BUTTONS.

Christian Endeavours Entertained by a Story of Their Vice-President's Brother.

There was a great and impressive gathering at the Metropolitan Tabernacle yesterday, when the London Christian Endeavour Federation held its annual meeting.

The Rev. W. Knight Chaplin, the vice-president, told the younger members an interesting story.

His brother, he said, had a youthful passion for the game of buttons.

So ardent was he over his pastime that on one occasion, when his stock of buttons gave out, he cut a fresh supply from his coat.

These were lost, too, and he cut off more, until finally he had not a button left on his garments.

When he arrived home, their mother looked at him aghast. "Whatever have you been doing with your coat?" she exclaimed. "Why, you haven't got a button on it!"

"Please, mother, the wind blew them all off," was the explanation offered!

SPOTTED FEVER.

Alarm Appeased by the Development of a Case in a London Hospital.

Great relief will be given to those who have read of the case of "spotted fever" now under treatment in King's College Hospital, by a statement which appears in the current number of the "British Medical Journal."

Dr. S. Clifford Pritchard, the house physician, has informed that journal that no unusual precaution has been taken, and the patient has been under treatment in the general ward.

Thus it would appear to be a case of cerebro-spinal meningitis, not specific cerebro-spinal fever.

Since April 12 the patient's condition has improved, and his temperature has been normal for several days.

GLOOMY ADDITION TO JOURNALISM.

The latest addition to journalism bears a gloomy title. It is "The Burial Reformer."

As a new quarterly publication it will aim at "enlightening the public mind as to the reality, causes, and consequences of trances, and the various forms of suspended animation; and reform of the present burial system."

FATAL CURSE OF BEAUTY.

Romantic Story of the Hansom Cab Mystery.

"FLORODORA" GIRL.

As the story related against "Nan" Patterson, the beautiful "Florodora Girl," who is charged in New York with shooting "Cesar" Young in a hansom cab, develops, it reveals fresh depths of human passion.

The girl has been tried once, and the jury failed to agree.

It was said that her amazing beauty alone influenced six of the jurors in her favour, and the prosecuting counsel in the present proceedings has asked that during the final stages of the trial Nan Patterson shall be removed from court.

She is twenty years of age, but looks slightly older.

In appearance she is slight and not very tall. Brown hair, which gleams in the sunlight, clings in waving curls to her forehead. Her eyes are dark blue, and have a pathetic, almost childish, appeal in them.

Her voice is low and very sweet, and she has the tiny hands and feet which are characteristic of the American girl.

Through special sources the *Daily Mirror* has been enabled to weave into a remarkable story the events of the past few years in this girl's life, leading up to the final tragedy which has brought her into the dock, charged with the crime of murder.

CHAPTER I.

The Beautiful "Florodora Girl."

A girl and a man were standing together gazing out across the great harbour—"The Gates of Hell," as it is called—of San Francisco.

It was a beautiful morning in May, 1902, and away in the distance the sun gleamed upon the sea through the haze which always betokens fierce heat on the Pacific coast.

For a moment they were silent. Nan Patterson glanced carelessly and indifferently at the man at her side. His continued protestations of love wearied her, and she cast about in her mind as to how she might rid herself of the presence of this importunate lover.

"It's foolish to go over it all again," she said, in her curiously sweet voice; "I do not intend to marry you either now or at any other time. Life," she continued, with a little laugh, "on a California ranch would not suit me at all, even with your love, boy."

The man muttered something beneath his breath and gazed gloomily out on to the intense blue ocean, spreading away before him. Then he began again.

"But, Nan," and his voice quivered, "in the theatre the other night—"

She interrupted him quickly. "Yes," she said, "I know. But in the theatre the other night I was foolish—mad. You must not always take for truth everything a girl says when she is hysterical."

She looked at him, and went on in a calm, even voice: "I am Nan Patterson, a chorus girl in 'Florodora,' or next door to a chorus girl. Here we are in 'Frisco.'

Recommended Lover.

"Well, it's pleasant to be here and have nice boys like you to take out dancing and buy candies. But it's California, and Nan is not going to spend her life in California. Why, it's—"

"You needn't," began the young rancher impulsively, turning towards the girl; "I'll take you—"

"As I was going to say," she continued coolly, "it's not even Chicago or New York. And I mean to play in London and visit Paris before I think of marrying. No, no, we make good friends, we two, but we should make bad life partners."

"Come and see me, take me out, even kiss me if you like, but don't dream of marriage."

Nan Patterson lifted her glorious eyes, and looked at the man. She laughed quietly. "I'd hate to have you do anything silly, and spoil our time, you know," she said.

"It's all or nothing," replied the man, with a note of finality in his voice. He looked at her gloomily, the careless little smile playing about her mouth, her eyes regarding him petulantly, like a spoilt child.

"Foolish boy," she said, "run away and come to the theatre to-night, and be sensible."

The man looked at the girl gravely, almost solemnly a moment. "Good-bye, Nan," he muttered, and turned abruptly away.

She followed him with her eyes as he swung along the path with long, determined strides. Then she turned towards the shining sea again, and the next moment the man was forgotten.

Later in the day a friend came to her with a newspaper in her hand. "Look here, Nan," she cried, "here's a friend of yours shooting himself."

Nan Patterson took the paper, and read it with wide, horror-stricken eyes.

The young rancher, who had been with her in the morning, had been found dead in his room in the afternoon.

(To be continued.)

RUSH OF NEW PLAYS.

Liberal Fare for Theatregoers Marks the Close of Lent.

There is quite an embarrassing amount of theatrical entertainment in preparation just now.

To-day brings us "Romeo and Juliet" at the Imperial, and "What Pamela Wanted" at the Criterion.

On Easter Monday Mr. Tree will revive "Richard II., and the Mermaid Repertory Theatre opens with Sheridan's "Critic" on the same night.

Tuesday will see "Her Own Way" at the Lyric, and on Thursday the Strand reopens with "Miss Wingrove," a new musical play.

On Saturday, the 29th, Sir Henry Irving opens at Drury Lane with "Becket," and on the same night Mr. George Edwardes will probably produce the new light opera at Daly's, "The Two Michus."

There has been some uncertainty as to how this name ought to be pronounced, but Mr. Percy Greenbank has come to the rescue with the following suggestion:—

When you give a good sneeze, with a long-drawn "A-tishoo!"

That's it, if you please, to the two little Michus. Or, if you incline to more Anglicised views, They are willing to shine as the little Michus!

On May 1 the opera season at Covent Garden begins, and Mr. Alexander produces "John Chichester, M.P." at the St. James's; on May 2 "Jasper Bright" will occupy the Avenue, and Miss Lena Ashwell will appear in "Leah Kleschka" at the New Theatre; May 3 will see the opening of the Comedy with "The Dictator."

Other entertainments will also be in full swing next week. The Tivoli, the Oxford, the Coliseum, the Hippodrome, and the Lyceum have exceptionally strong programmes.

With fine weather the Alexandra Palace, Wembley Park, and the Crystal Palace possess attractions that should draw thousands.

MISS ISABEL JAY,



Who takes up Miss Ruth Vincent's part in "Veronica" at the Apollo Theatre to-day.

PRETTY BOOKMAKERS.

New Danger to Young Men Who Are Naturally Speculative.

A recent case at the South-Western Police Court, in which a lady was charged with street betting, suggests a new danger to the speculative youth.

Discussing the matter, a well-known detective said that he knew of a case where a girl traded on her blandishments in this way.

"She is tall, fair, good-looking, and nice spoken," he said. "I think her young man used to do a bit of street bookmaking, but he had to pay so much in fines that he had to give up the job, and now she does it for him."

"So long as they are not caught there is a great opening for pretty girls. The young fellows don't seem to be able to resist betting with them."

"No, I don't think there are any other ladies in the profession in Tooting. But about five years ago a woman was prosecuted for the same offence. Detective Goddard arrested her, and she appeared in the same court. But there is no connection between the two defendants."

BISHOP IN PRISON.

Following the custom which he started last year, the Rev. Dr. Ridgeway, the Bishop of Kensington, spent the morning of Good Friday with his parishioners in Wormwood Scrubs Prison.

His lordship, who arrived at the prison between nine and ten, conducted the morning service, and preached the sermon.

Over 1,000 convicts were present. Following the service, which had lasted about an hour, the Bishop visited several of the prisoners in their cells, and conversed with them.

HUNT FOR CALLOUS MOTORISTS.

Identity of Car of Slaughter Still a Mystery.

EAGER SEARCH.

Vigorous search is still being made by the police for the motor-car which ran down and killed Willie Clifton at Markeaton, Hertfordshire, on Tuesday, and whose occupants then sped off with callous indifference.

Information was yesterday obtained that may result in the identification of the offenders. The information goes to show that the car, which was travelling south-east towards London, turned off the main road at Redbourne, and proceeded north—practically doubling on its tracks.

In this case, if the occupants' goal was London they would strike the Luton-St. Albans road at Harpenden, and from there turn south again, and passing through St. Albans, take one of several roads to town.

They might either go by way of—

(1) Walford and Harrow;

(2) Further east, through Colney, Elstree, and Edgware; or

(3) Again further east, through South Mimms, Chipping Barnet, and Finchley.

From Walford, on the other hand, they might keep away to the west, and reach their destination through Rickmansworth, Uxbridge, and Ealing.

Police Vigilance.

Police cars are out in all directions scrutinising every car which passes, and holding up and questioning the occupants of any which at all resembles the description given by eye-witnesses of the boy's terrible fate.

Plain-clothed policemen, too, are out in large numbers, vigorously following up any information likely to lead to the criminal."

Unfortunately, the witnesses of the accident were so concerned with the boy's fate that they are not even certain of the car's colour.

Some say it was dark green, others blue. There is some difference of opinion, too, as to the number of persons in the car, and whether one of them was a woman.

One hundred pounds has been offered by the "Daily Mail" for information which would lead to the bringing of the offenders into court, and it is most sincerely to be hoped that they will not much longer be able to evade those on the watch for them.

Automobile Club Appeal.

So frequent have fatal motor accidents become lately that the committee of the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland, who are always in the forefront of the fight against reckless driving, have just issued an appeal to drivers for more care and courtesy.

The appeal asks that information of flagrant offences against the laws of etiquette and good fellowship should be reported to the club secretary at 119, Piccadilly. A special committee sits regularly for the purpose of dealing with such cases.

Any member of the club who offends in this way is liable to be called before the committee, and, if the case is proved against him, expelled the club.

That the club means to carry out its good intentions is proved by the fact that Messrs. Biavati and Lisle, two of the nominated drivers in the eliminating trials for the Gordon-Bennett, having been convicted of driving to the common danger, are to appear before the club committee on April 27 to show cause why they should not be struck off the competitors' register.

THE COWARD'S DEVICE.

Coroner Condemns the Practice of Sending Anonymous Letters.

Anonymous letters were strongly condemned by Coroners Danford Thomas at an inquest held concerning the death of the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Amos, of Hampshire-street, N.W.

The writer alleged that the child had been thrown over the banister, that the wife was thrown down the stairs to the bottom, and said that the parents should be imprisoned for life.

In the witness-box Mr. and Mrs. Amos denied these charges. Not only had the child no marks of violence, but the medical evidence showed that death resulted from pneumonia.

Dr. Danford Thomas said the writing of such a letter making such charges was, to say the least of it, cruel.

The jury returned a verdict of death from natural causes.

Work is to be commenced at once in building the new Duke of York's School at Dover. A certain alleged right of way through the centre of the proposed site has been abolished by a decision of the East Kent Quarter Sessions, and an old, disused footpath closed.

BUILDING BY MAGIC.

Huge Structure Rising Steadily in Silence and Unobserved.

Travellers to and from Victoria Station are familiar with the framework of massive iron girders that began so mysteriously to spring up a little while ago.

More than 1,000 tons of these girders are in position, and the work has apparently been carried on without human agency. No men are ever seen at work on this framework, which will presently carry a superstructure in the shape of a magnificent hotel seven storeys high.

All the work has been done between midnight and 5 a.m., in silence.

Electric cranes swing into position mighty girders weighing more than twenty tons with no more noise than the creaking of a chain. The veryriet is done by a silent pneumatic machine.

The foundations on which this ironwork rests were similarly constructed without interfering with the passenger traffic for one minute. Piles were driven more than 50ft. down, and concrete pillars were built in without the knowledge of the thousands of passengers who streamed over the platforms above.

In the same almost superhuman way the building will be completed. The walls will rise as though the Brownies had built them, and the roof will grow on as if by magic.

The only sign of the presence of the builders is the wooden shute that now spans the vehicle yard. Up this all the materials for the building will be conveyed.

MRS. BEERBOHM TREE.



Mrs. Tree is to replace Miss Maud Milton as the Queen in "Hamlet" at the Adelphi.—(Ellis and Walery.)

SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR.

Forgetful Immigrant in Canada Has To Write to Russia for His Family's Address.

Peculiar misfortune has dogged an immigrant Russian family in Canada.

The father left Winnipeg for the West to seek work. While he was absent the mother was taken ill and died, and the five children were removed to the Children's Shelter.

The father was in employment in Regina, but his address was unknown. He wished to send for his wife and children, but knew only of Russia, and had actually forgotten the name of Winnipeg.

In despair he wrote to friends in Russia, and after several weeks the reply came. He arrived at Winnipeg to find his wife dead and his children fed by charity.

WALK TO PARIS.

Manchester Stalwarts Contemplate an Interesting and Cheap Holiday.

The members of the Manchester Pedestrian Club propose that their well-known Whit-week walk shall be to Paris.

The stages will be one day twenty-six miles, one day twenty-eight miles, two days thirty miles, and the last day thirty-three miles.

On Whit Sunday, when the journey will be from Boulogne to Nampont St. Martin, there will be a visit to the fortifications at Montreuil.

On Monday they will visit St. Wulfrun's Cathedral at Abbeville and a famous chateau at Port Remy, and on Wednesday the cathedral and tapestry works at Beauvais.

It is estimated that the cost of the entire trip will not exceed £6 for each walker.

New Tredegar and White Rose, on the Brecon and Merthyr Railway, are again approachable by train. For over a month they have been isolated owing to the landslip.

PAINTING THE KING'S PICTURE.

Artist's Tribute to His Majesty's Tact and Knowledge.

SOUND ART CRITIC.

It is not given to many artists to be honoured with special sittings by kings.

Recently, however, Mr. Alyn Williams, the well-known miniature painter, was honoured in this way by King Edward.

Yesterday he told the *Daily Mirror* how the King received him at Buckingham Palace. "Naturally," he said, "I was very nervous. I was shown into the Red Room, and presently the King appeared. He greeted me most graciously, and, seeing how nervous I was, regularly set to work to put it at my ease."

"He talked quietly on, asking questions, and almost answering them himself, till my nervousness had entirely disappeared."

"Then he sat down. 'Will this do?' he asked, as he posed himself. All the time I was painting his Majesty smoked a cigar and talked."

"He proved himself a thoroughly sound art critic too. 'I am so glad miniature painting is again coming to the fore to the exclusion of these things on a photographic basis,' he said to me."

THE KING'S KNOWLEDGE.

Now, that remark shows a thorough knowledge of what may be called the rise and fall—and rise again—of the art.

"Miniature painting was at its best in the eighteenth century. Then photography killed it. A very great painter once said that photography could never kill it, since it could not flatter, but he did not foresee retouching."

"There is hardly anything so flattering as a well-touched-up, tinted photograph."

"The Society of Miniature Painters, which I founded some years ago, has done much to revive the art, and last year the King showed his interest in the revival by granting us the right to call ourselves a royal society—miniature painting has again come to its own."

HIS MAJESTY AS ART CRITIC.

"The King has his own strong opinions on art," he went on to say. "It is no use telling him a thing is good. Perhaps he won't think so. In any case, he won't take your opinion about it. 'The portrait was painted for presentation to the Corporation of the City of London by Sir Alfred Reynolds, J.P., who arranged for the sittings. It is now in the permanent collection at the Guildhall.'

"When Dr. Williamson's famous book on miniature painting was to be published, the Queen graciously gave me permission to paint her for the frontispiece," said Mr. Williams. "The picture was in last year's Academy."

"Her Majesty was very gracious, and, like the King, soon put me at ease. No one need ever feel nervous with either the King or Queen. They both have tact in the highest degree."

310 MAY MEETINGS.

Some Quaint but Useful Societies Included in the List.

There are to be 310 "May meetings" this year, of which 224 only will be held actually in May. There will be 48 this month, 44 in June, and 4 in July.

The "official" penny programme, which Mr. May, of Gray's Inn-road, has published for sixteen successive years, gives full information as to place, time, and speakers.

Among the societies in the list some quaint and seldom heard titles are found, such as the International Christian Police Association, Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society, Union Against Sunday Travelling, and Navvy Mission.

BICYCLE BOOM.

The Fall in Prices Brings a New Body of Riders.

After ebbing for some years, the tide in the bicycle business is flowing again in greater volume than ever.

One Coventry firm of world-wide reputation turned out 10,000 machines last month, and calculates its season's build at 50,000. The same firm's total throughout last year was 28,000, and all records are easily outdistanced.

By way of explanation of the great demand several reasons are assigned, the principal one being the fall in price.

The ten-guinea machine of last year was a tempting luxury to the artisan. The drop to eight guineas prompted him to make a sacrifice, but now that a very fair and reliable article can be had for six guineas he hesitates no longer.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

General Sir Redvers Buller, V.C., has been re-elected chairman of the Crediton Urban Council. He is a county alderman, a member of the Devon Education Committee, and is associated with most of the local authorities at Crediton.

There are 233 candidates for the Wesleyan ministry at the coming conference.

Scarborough's medical officer reports that there has not been a single case of infectious disease in his area during the past month.

Service at the same hour is conducted three times a week in each of two church which are built in one churchyard at the little village of Trimley, Suffolk.

Fined for being drunk and incapable, the mail-carrier for Balmoral and Braemar was found to be actually suffering from concussion of the brain, and died shortly afterwards.

Trawlers are unable to enter the South Dock, Sunderland, owing to the obstruction caused by a submerged dredger. They are consequently running to Shields, and Sunderland is suffering from a scarcity of fish.

No fewer than five new medals for the Navy and Army are about to be issued. These are (1) Militia long service and good conduct; (2) Yeomanry, ditto; (3) Naval gunnery medal; (4) New Polar medal; (5) Tibet medal.

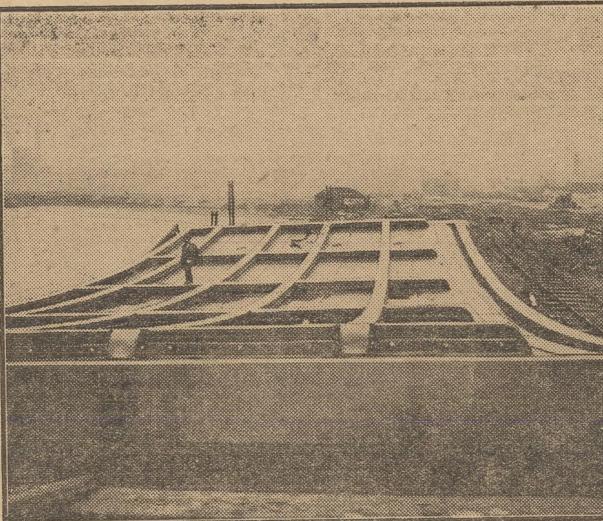
To the Indian Establishment an increase of forty-five officers of the Royal Engineers is to be made in the coming year.

Eight eggs, valued at 15s. each, upon which a Chinese goose had been sitting for three weeks, have been stolen from the Albert Park, Middlesbrough.

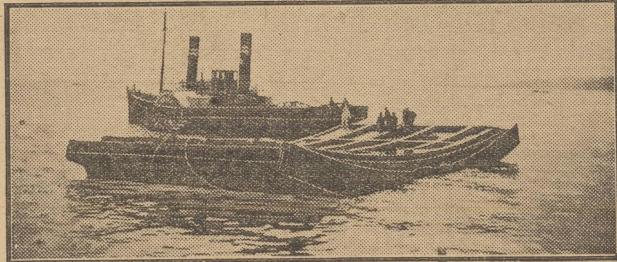
During harvest operations last year a Crediton farmer lost his watch. This week the field was rolled and the watch was discovered in the process. It was little the worse for its long exposure, and on being wound up ticked away merrily.

"My cat has its bath under the water-tap every morning," writes a Cleveland (Yorkshire) correspondent. "She waits until someone turns the water on, and then thoroughly washes herself all over. Afterwards she retires to the fireside and licks herself dry."

BIGGEST DOCK GATES IN THE WORLD.



The gates for the new Brocklebank Docks at Liverpool on the slips at Tranmere, where they were built. The photograph was taken just before they were launched, and the man standing upon the gates gives an excellent idea of their enormous size.



After the launch of the great dock gates they were taken in tow by a steam-tug, to be floated to the new docks.

Shoreditch Borough Council have decided to obliterate all racing and betting news in papers in their public libraries.

Northamptonshire Army boot trade employers and employees have now entered upon the eighth week of their dispute, and still there are no signs of settlement.

Among a batch of passive resisters summoned for non-payment of the education rate at Terrington St. Clements, near King's Lynn, was the Rev. W. J. Spriggs-Smith, vicar of Terrington St. John.

By means of the circulating picture library which the Browning Settlement in London is proposing to establish, it will be possible to borrow pictures for a fortnight or longer. They may be hung up in the home, looked at, and enjoyed for the stipulated period.

Lots are to be drawn by special service men who served in the Natal Volunteer Corps in 1900 for six boxes of chocolates presented by Queen Victoria to the troops during the South African war. Apparently overlooked at the distribution, the boxes have just been found by the Natal authorities.

Grizedale Beck, a tributary of the Wyre (Lancashire), and a well-known trout stream, has been poisoned. Hundreds of dead fish have been found in the water.

So puzzled was a Blackburn doctor, who is also a magistrate, by the medical certificate of a brother surgeon, when appealed to on the Bench, that he could not read it.

Salford's tramway service was considerably delayed owing to one of the cars running into a large brick. The life-guard was smashed to atoms, and the brick had to be dug out with crowbars.

After correspondence with the Lord Chamberlain the Middlesbrough Parks Committee have decided to pay the account of £2 to his Majesty's swan keeper for catching and forwarding two swans, the gift of King Edward to the corporation.

Every twenty-four hours the Church Army King's Labour Tents near the Strand accommodate 2,400 unemployed. This is ample evidence that the winter's distress is not at an end. Shifts of one hour instead of three are now worked, a substantial meal being given in return for the labour.

MAKING A GREAT CRICKETER'S BAT.

How Willows Are Prepared for the Makers of Centuries.

OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS.

To the great majority the making of a cricket bat is much the same as the manufacture of any other article. Most people probably think that machinery, which has revolutionised everything else, has had the same effect on the building of a bat, but it is not so.

As a matter of fact, a bat is made for the most part with the most primitive of all tools, the wood-chopper. A firm of bat makers receive an intimation that certain willow trees may be felled, and one of the staff of woodmen is immediately sent off post haste to do the work.

The trunk is sawn into logs a trifle longer than the blade of a bat, and for some months it is stacked in the wood yard, whilst the first of seasonings processes is taking place.

Then with his axe, almost as keen as a razor, the woodman splits the logs into sections a trifle wider and thicker than the thickest and widest part of a bat. Still with the axe he shapes the blade into a rough, but fairly easily recognisable model of a bat.

SPOKESHAVING THE BLADE.

Then comes another period of drying and seasoning, and eventually the blades are sorted out into "firsts" and "seconds," and sent into the shops to be made up. Our second photograph on page 9 shows the outdoor part of the process and the stacks of rough blades ready for the finishers.

The handle is made by glueing bundles of carefully-squared canes together, sixteen to twenty segments usually going to this important part. By means of a spokeshave the blade is completed, as shown in No. 3 photograph.

The handle is then glued into the blade in a V-shaped splice, as shown in No. 4 photograph. The bat which is being treated in this manner is one of two or three which are being specially made at Messrs. Wisden's factory at West Ham for Mr. Gilbert Jessop.

The fifth photograph shows Mr. Luff, the managing director of the firm passing the bat in the rough before it has been strung and had the finishing touches put to it. Some are to be finished as "extra specials," some are "firsts," and some are "seconds." About one in a hundred is an "extra special," and two in a dozen become "firsts."

BATS FOR THE AUSTRALIANS.

These are the bats which go to the great cricketers of the day, and many of those which Mr. Luff is seen handling are being specially reserved for the coming Australian team.

The photograph numbered 1, at the top of page 9, shows the willow tree in its natural state; and the last picture of the series depicts Mr. G. L. Jessop facing the bowler with the finished article.

The bat, after it has served its purpose of usefulness on the field, if it has belonged to some famous giant of the game, becomes of greater value than ever. At the Cranborne-street depot of Wisden's there is a permanent exhibition of derelicts worth many thousands of pounds. Willows made famous by the exploits of our Graces, Frys, and Ranjis. At a recent charity sale a bat used by "W. G." realised £50, and one immortalised by Victor Trumper £22.

AMUSING EASTER CONTEST.

Every Easter the ancient custom known locally as pie-scrambling and bottle-kicking is observed at the little village of Hallaton, near Leicester.

The villagers of Hallaton hands the pie in sacks and bottle in miniature casks to representatives of the villages of Hallaton and Medbourne, as he is seen doing in the photograph on page 8, and the rival villagers each do their best to kick or carry the food and drink to their own place of residence.

The contest is always a very keen one, and the whole population turns out to cheer on the competitors. The village which at the end of the struggle is in possession of the greater number of sacks and "bottles" is adjudged the winner.

SERVICE INTERRUPTED BY POLICE.

One of the most curious of the many strange customs connected with the Easter vestry meetings is illustrated by one of the photographs on page 8.

For hundreds of years the "people's warden" at Chard, in Somersetshire, has been nominated by the town council instead of being elected by the congregation in the usual manner, and the announcement of their nomination is made by a sergeant of police in the church during the Easter morning service.

THE NEW VERONIQUE.

Miss Isabel Jay, who this evening takes up Miss Ruth Vincent's part as Veronique in the comic opera of the same name at the Apollo Theatre, won her way into public favour when she was leading lady at the Savoy.

Her stage career has been one of unbroken success. She went straight from the Royal Academy of Music, where, as a student, she had been winning many distinctions, to take her place at the head of D'Oyley Carte's famous light-opera company.

NOTICE TO READERS.

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Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1905

OTHER PEOPLE'S LONDON.

IT is an unfortunate, but unavoidable drawback for the sightseer that London's holidays coincide with those of the people who desire to visit it, with the result that our country cousins and our friends from abroad who make use of the great Easter festival to pay us a call only see us, so to speak, in our sleep.

What a dull place London will seem to-day, and still more on Easter Monday, to the provincial or foreign tripper who wanders through its miles of shut-up shops and its streets destitute of nearly all traffic but the lumbering omnibus and a sprinkling of brakes and wagonettes. "Ah, but your London is triste," says the Parisian sadly, and all attempts to make him believe that the deserted streets will in a short time be teeming with life and unpleasantly congested with traffic leave his imagination untouched.

To him London is a doleful place, and if, as too often happens, skies are grey and winds are chill, his abiding impression of our capital is of a place where no reasonably light-hearted being could exist for more than a few days without perishing of ennui.

Even the riotous pleasures of the British Museum or the Tate Gallery fail to do more than temporarily rouse his flagging spirits, and the delicate beauty of the Albert Hall and the oriental splendour of the adjacent Memorial move him not at all. With "Baedeker" in hand, he wanders depressed and lonely among us, and it is not till the places of entertainment open their doors in the evening that he can be persuaded that an Englishman ever laughs. Seeing him, one thinks of the cordial intent, and one's heart bleeds.

For our cousin from the country things are not much better. How many thousands of tipplers who come up full of life and gaiety come to the conclusion within the first half-hour that their own country towns are very much more lively and bustling places than the metropolis.

And then the great food question. The tea shops are mostly closed, and in many parts of London it is hard to get anything to eat, particularly if the searcher after nourishment is particular as to external.

No, it must be admitted that London at Easter, regarded from a spectacular point of view, is London at its worst. We can only explain and explain, and explanation is of so little avail under the circumstances.

FISTICUFFS AT SCHOOLS.

A good punch in the head is an excellent tonic. A schoolboy develops wonderfully after his first thrashing at the hands of a fellow-pupil. It helps to make a man of him.

Complaint is made that boys do not fight nowadays. If one boy steals another boy's marbles the other boy either retorts by making a face or by consulting a solicitor, instead of punching his head, as he should.

A thrashing now and then is a privilege of which it would be a pity to deprive the small boy. Will it be necessary in the future to make fighting compulsory at schools, the headmaster acting as referee? There are many things taught at school that are not half as useful as the art of knowing how to use one's fists.

AN EASTER POEM.

I had prepared many a floure
To straw Thy way and victorie,
But Thou wast up before myne houre
Bringing Thy sweets along with thee.

The sunn arising in the East,
Thought her bring light and th' other sens,
Can not make up so brave a feast
As Thy discov'res presents.

Yet though my flours be lost, they say
A hart can never come too late,
Teach it to sing Thy praise this day,
And then this day my life shall date.

GEORGE HERBERT (1593-1638).

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

KING EDWARD gave another proof of his tact and kindness of heart when he sent Lord Selborne a beautiful picture as a present before he leaves for South Africa. The new High Commissioner has always been very fond of painting, especially of Italian painting, and in his house in Mount-street he used to keep a fine collection of engravings after Botticelli and Fra Angelico. It is only during the last few years, or, strictly speaking, since his appointment to the Admiralty some five years ago, that Lord Selborne's powers have been recognised by the great public. He has never cared to push himself prominently to the front, and as a result his voice has often been drowned by more assuming ones.

An amusing story was told once about this notorious modesty of his. When he was Lord Wolmer he used to spend a good deal of time working amongst the poor in the East End, and working, as usual, without any needless declaration of his name and rank. Once, when he was acting as treasurer for a working man's club, one of the members asked who the "tall, fair chap" who took subscriptions was. He was told that it was Lord Wolmer. "Is 'e a lord?" said the man. "A real lord? Why, 'e never said nothing about it!" Undoubtedly, not to say anything about it.

Mr. Eustace Miles, who has once more con-

quered in the amateur racquets championship at

the Tsar, who was then Tsarevitch, during his tour in Japan. While out there the Tsarevitch was attacked by a fanatic during a religious festival, and it was Prince George who saved his life by warding off the blow with a walking-stick. The event caused the greatest regret in Japan. The whole nation protested against being associated with the crime of an individual, and one Japanese girl whose tomb is still visited by pilgrims, committed suicide by way of expiation for her country. The late Tsar, Alexander III., always had a great affection for Prince George, because he had saved the life of his son.

The Bishop of Ely, Lord Alwyne Compton, who has been very much to the front lately as a distributor of Easter bounties for the King, is, with the exception of Mr. Spooner, the Warden of New College, the most short-sighted clergyman in the kingdom. I wonder that he was able to save the aims or the recipients of them sufficiently well to perform his task. It is said that he was staying not long ago with an important vicar, in a town which belonged to his diocese. He met his host one morning in the street, went up to him with a charming smile, and said: "One of my country clergy, I presume? Delighted to meet you." The vicar was distinctly puzzled in this return for his hospitality.

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the Tsar, who was then Tsarevitch, during his tour in Japan. While out there the Tsarevitch was attacked by a fanatic during a religious festival, and it was Prince George who saved his life by warding off the blow with a walking-stick. The event caused the greatest regret in Japan. The whole nation protested against being associated with the crime of an individual, and one Japanese girl whose tomb is still visited by pilgrims, committed suicide by way of expiation for her country. The late Tsar, Alexander III., always had a great affection for Prince George, because he had saved the life of his son.

There is already a kind of legend about him in New York. It is said that his ghost wanders in the corridors of his old theatre and directs spectral performances. An old member of his company informed me the other day that she had actually seen him standing one night in the wings as she was leaving the theatre after a performance. He turned and looked at her, and she was so terrified that she fled down the iron stairs to the stage door without addressing his "questionable shape." That is a true ghost story, and even if one does not believe in ghosts one must admit that the very illusion proves how powerfully Daly still lives in the minds of those that knew him.

The widow of Richard Wagner is certainly a most remarkable woman. Every year, when her husband's operas are performed at the Bayreuth Festival, she decides how they shall be played and who shall play them. Nothing is done without consulting her. She sits, looking very iron-willed and forbidding, in a box, and frowns severely at anyone who may dare to sneeze or make the faintest sound during the almost Pontifical ceremony. Always Queen of the Opera House at Bayreuth, Frau Wagner has now, it seems, become Queen of the town as well, since she has succeeded in getting all motor-cars expelled from its sacred streets.

The whole story of Frau Wagner's life has been a romantic one. She was one of the first to recognise the great musician's genius. At a time when he was obscure, bitter at heart, impoverished, it was she who told him that he was as great as Shakespeare, and the finest composer of the century. Those are nice things to hear from a beautiful woman. The fact that his admirer was the wife of his devoted friend, Hans von Bulow, did not trouble Wagner in the least. Nor did it trouble Von Bulow much, for he secured a divorce from his wife, in an obliging way, so that his friend might marry her.

The Pope has been unusually kind in the reception of distinguished English people lately. Today Mr. John Redmond, M.P., is to have a private audience with him. One cannot help wondering what they will talk about. In old days, when the word "popery" was on every Englishman's lips as a scandalous imputation, leading to the scaffold, they might have plotted an invasion from Ireland to teach England how to behave. But to-day they will, no doubt, content themselves with more formal matters. The Pope speaks not a word of English, but I daresay Mr. Redmond, who has travelled a great deal, knows some Italian. He is a very talented man, with a great taste for the drama.

Sir William Walrond, who has just discovered that it was a Russian Jew who robbed him not long ago of £140, was for many years one of the hardest-working members of the House of Commons. He was, in a word, Government Whip, which is the most agonising position a man could possibly fill. A Whip never has a moment's peace, for at any time the Opposition may take advantage of a lazy afternoon to try and score a majority.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

The King of Greece.

No doubt he will be delighted to hear that Crete has decided to fit itself under his rule, for he has always wanted Greece. He is a monarch with ambitions, and one who keeps the Foreign Offices of Europe—*sot* to mention Turkey—continually on the watch.

He may be said to have been successful in his ambitions. Not much over forty years ago, when he was a boy of eighteen, the crown of Greece was going begging. No one wanted it. It had been refused by Queen Victoria on behalf of Prince Albert (the Duke of Cambridge-Gotha).

Just then King George's sister, now Queen Alexandra, married the then heir of the English throne, and he became prominent. He was offered the crown and accepted it. A fortnight after he did so his father became King of Denmark, so he is in the strange position of having been a king longer than his father.

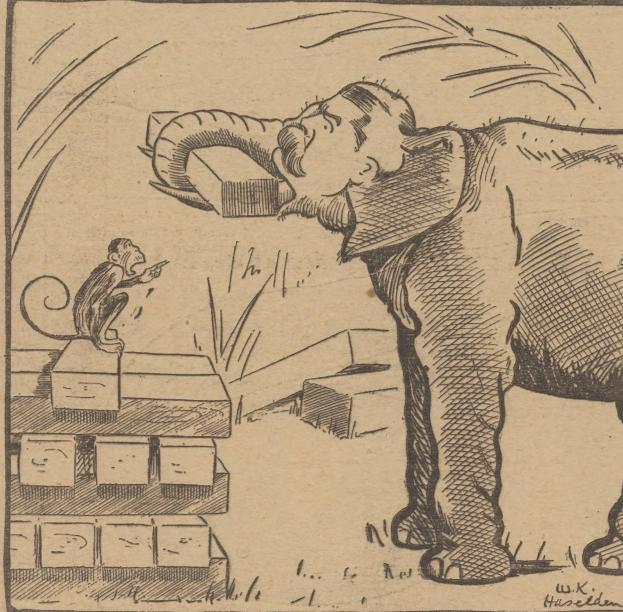
He is hardly a popular one, but still he is not disliked. He walks about Athens quite unattended. Strangers pass him without a suspicion that the man in a plain undress uniform, carrying a walking-stick, is the King of the Hellenes. He keeps up a good deal of state in his palace, but is very accessible. He can be very kindly, and he can, too, very readily put people at their ease.

In the eyes of the world he is somewhat overshadowed by his son, Prince George, the dashing naval giant, created High Commissioner of Crete by the Powers. Now things are somewhat changed again.

IN MY GARDEN.

This feature appears to-day on page 11.

WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THE MONKEY?



Lord Kitchener, at work on the gigantic task of reforming the Indian Army, complains that he is hindered in his work by the Military Member of the Council. As Lord Kitchener is not likely to stop, the Military Member had best get out of the way.

one's merits nowadays shows an exceptional amount of self-control.

Now that the Cretan Assembly have proclaimed the union of the island with Greece, Prince George, who hitherto been High Commissioner of Crete, will have to respond to a less opportunity of setting the price on his head. He is a delightfully open-hearted open-handed person, but more of a sailor than a statesman. His methods of dealing with recalcitrant Cretans have often been to put it mildly, blunt. He finds it hard to keep his temper in diplomatic conferences, and has even been known to call distinguished but prosy diplomats fools to their astonished faces.

He is a man of exceptional muscular strength, and many stories are told about the wonderful feats he has performed in Athens. He wanders about the most cut-throat regions of that city quite alone, and often amuses himself by separating drunken combatants, or punishing brutal treatment of the weak. Once he saw a father beating his child unmercifully in a slum. The man refused to desist, and the more Prince George thumped him on the back the more the man thumped the child. Finally the Prince picked them both up, tucked one under each arm, and carried them off thus humiliated to the nearest police-station.

Prince George is the nephew of Queen Alexandra and a second cousin of the Tsar. He accompanied

Queen's Club, is a living example of how health may be maintained on a "simple life," so far as diet is concerned. Wealth, as well as health, is trained by his method of living. He can eat his four meals down in 30 minutes, and spends that moderate sum on Plasmon, cheese, beer, eggs, milk, and other harmless esculents. Mr. Gladstone was never weary of informing, pointing out on post-cards that he chewed every morsel of food thirty times. Mr. Miles has sometimes managed 120 chews to the mouthful, and to this patience he attributes his wonderful staying power.

Mr. Miles has made some very strange experiments with the digestion. He has lived on 3d. a day, as I said, and one of his pet objects is the opening of a restaurant where people shall be able to procure a vegetable lunch for 2d. And once, about three years ago, he determined to see what it would be like to live on nothing. Accordingly he fasted for three whole days, and took notes about his suffering from hour to hour. He expected to derive great benefit from the fast, but found it rather too painful for endurance, and broke it with Hovis and Plasmon biscuits on the morning of the fourth day.

To-day is the birthday of Miss Ada Rehan, one of the most delightful actresses in the world, but one nevertheless who has not been seen in England for years, and who is very seldom seen in New York either. Why is this? The fault, I

THE MOTOR TRAGEDY AT MARKYATE.

"DAILY MAIL" OFFERS £100 FOR DISCOVERY OF THE MOTORISTS WHO KILLED LITTLE WILLIE CLIFTON.



The right-hand cross shows the spot in the Hertfordshire village of Markyate where a little boy, Willie Clifton, of four and a half years, was run down and killed by a motor, which did not stop after the accident, and has not yet been identified. Above the cross on the left-hand side Mrs. Clifton, the boy's mother, is standing. The large portrait is that of Harry Loveridge, who noticed a car near the place shortly after the tragedy, and gave a number to the police.



Mrs. Clifton, the mother of the little boy who was run over and killed at Markyate, and two of her children.



Miss Annie Clifton, Willie Clifton's aunt, who was within a few feet of him when the motor-car ran him down.



Stanley Gregory, the boy on the left-hand side in the graph, saved his little companion, a child named Hyde (right), from being run over by the motor-car that killed Willowton. He pulled the child out of the way just in time.

QUAINT EASTERTIDE CUSTOM.



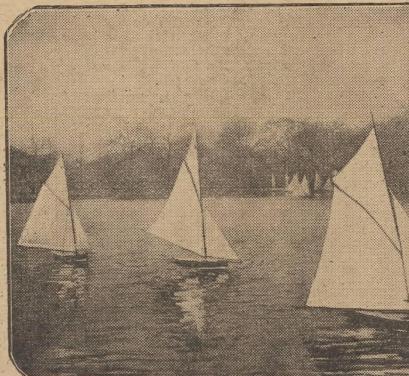
Every Eastertide representative villagers from Hallaton and Medbourne, in Nottinghamshire, indulge in the ancient custom of pie-scrambling and bottle-kicking, which always results in a keen and amusing contest. The photograph shows the vicar of Hallaton handing the pie and the beer to the competitors.

POLICEMEN IN CHURCH.

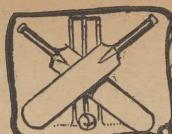


A sergeant and two constables bearing special wands of office enter the church at Chard, in Somersetshire, during the Easter service to announce the town council's nominee for the office of "people's churchwarden."

YACHTING IN THE EAST EN



To-morrow the yachting season commences at Victoria Park. Sunday mornings during the summer the lake is crowded with model yachts of any size up to ten or eleven feet high, to working men of the neighbourhood.

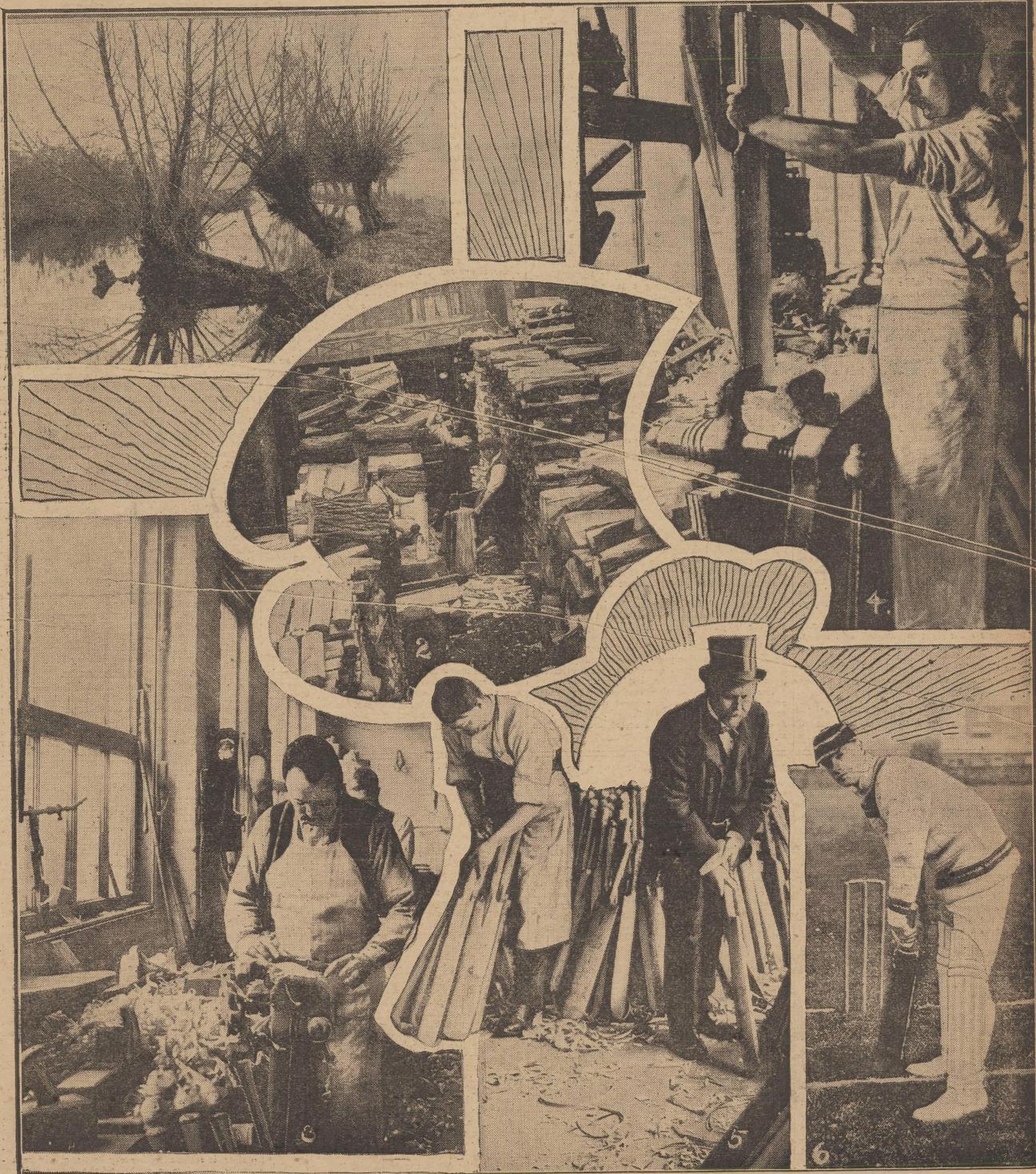


THE MAKING OF A BAT



GETTING READY FOR THE 1905 CRICKET SEASON.

(See page 8.)



A unique set of photographs illustrating the various stages in the making of a bat at Messrs. Wisden's famous establishment at West Ham. The first photograph shows the willow trees which provide the wood, which is cut into roughly bat-shaped logs and stacked for seasoning (see No. 2). No. 3 shows the blade being pared down to the correct shape, and No. 4 illustrates the careful operation of fixing the handle to it. The bat which is being fitted in our photograph is one of three being specially made for Mr. Gilbert Jessop. In No. 5 Mr. Luff, the managing director, is seen examining and testing the bat in the rough, and in the last picture Mr. Jessop holds the finished product.

OUR SATURDAY SHORT STORY.

THAT TEN POUND NOTE.

My case may be an exceptional one, but at all events I am not in the least desirous of picking up any more Bank of England notes which do not belong to me. Of course, if I had been a dishonest man I should have pocketed the money and said nothing to anybody, but it so happens that I am not built that way. Consequently there appeared in one of the daily journals the following announcement:

\$10.—FOUND in the City, on Tuesday last, a ten-pound note. The owner can have it on giving the necessary particulars and paying for this advertisement.—*Appy.*

I further specified that I was to be seen from eleven to twelve. The day the notice was published I got to my office at the usual time, about ten o'clock, and found to my surprise a number of strangers awaiting my arrival.

"I am first," said a tall half-pay-captain-looking man, extra brushed up for the occasion. There was no mistake about his nationality; his accent proved that he was from the sister isle. "And this is my friend and old fellow-officer, Captain Macgillcuddy," he added, introducing me to a counterpart of himself, "who will satisfy you that the note you have found belongs to your humble servant," at the same time handing me a card, on which I saw:

"CAPTAIN BARRY,

"Junior Army and Navy Club."

I beckoned to the two captains to follow me to my room.

When we were seated I said:

"It will bring the matter to a conclusion at once if you will tell me the number of the note."

"Oh, it is only the number you want; did you hear that, Gill?" Turning to me, and raising his voice, he said: "I must inform you, sir, that I have never taken the number of a note in the whole course of my life, eh, Gill?"

"But how, then, are you to convince me that the note is yours?" I asked.

"By giving you the word of an officer and a gentleman who has served his Queen and country in all parts of the world. If that is not enough, I don't know what will satisfy you."

"Where did you lose the note?"

"Oh, where did I drop the bit of paper? It would be somewhere near the Bank, I'm thinking. Tell me the time," (he confidentially), "my friend here and myself came down to the City yesterday to have some turtle soup at Birch's, and the milk punch got a little the better of us. You saw I had the note when I left Birch's. Gill?"

"I should think I did. You were going to change it to pay for the luncheon when I showed it you."

"That may be all quite true," I said; "but as you saw yourselves, there are other claimants waiting outside. I must see whether any one of them can give me the correct number."

I opened the door to let them out, and was astonished to see that the anteroom was empty. The other claimants had disappeared.

Barry and his compatriot burst out laughing.

"They were quite right to vanish," said Barry. "They knew what to expect from the toe of my boot."

I asked the Irishmen again, and not without a considerable amount of reluctance, gave up the note.

But it was only with the handing over of the note that my trouble connected with it began in earnest.

During the day I had several other visitors and half a dozen letters, but as the number of the note was not in any case stated, I dismissed the former in summary fashion and paid no attention to the latter.

Between five and six, when I thought of going home, a telegram arrived respecting the troublesome note. It read as follows:

"So pleased to hear you have found my note. Am on my way to see you.—Edith Warburton."

The sender of the telegram was soon ushered in. She did not look more than sixteen or seventeen years of age, and was dressed in deep mourning.

"It was my all," she said, in a trembling tone, with tears in her eyes. "I am so glad it has been found.

"But I have paid away your note to a man who said it was his, and who brought a witness with him to prove it," I said.

"My note! Oh, how terrible! But, sir, how could the note be his and mine, too?"

"You have the number of your note?"

"Certainly, here it is," she said, handing me a scrap of paper.

There could be no question about it. She had the correct number of the note, and I had been done by the two Irishmen. There was nothing for it but to pay her another ten pounds.

* * * * *

One morning, a day or two afterwards, I received a visit from a City merchant whom I slightly knew.

"You have been finding a ten-pound note, I hear," he said in his jovial way, "and it will be a lucky thing for my clerk if yours is the one he says he lost."

"But the one I found was claimed, and when the number was shown to me I, of course, paid the money. What would you have done?"

"The same thing, decidedly. It is so much the worse for my clerk; he will have to be dismissed; it must have been a different note. I would have looked you up before, but have been to Bourne mouth for a couple of days. By the way, what was the number of your note?"

"I told him."

"By Jove, sir, that is the number of my missing note! Put on your hat for five minutes, and come round to the bank with me."

I did so, and it was proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that on the particular Tuesday the note in question was issued, along with others, to meet a cheque of the merchant's.

The clerk had been sent out with it to get small change, and had dropped it. The other notes had all been accounted for. After paying him the ten pounds I thought it necessary, for the sake of my character, to explain how I had been done. His sympathy took the form of shouts of laughter. I thought he was going to have a fit or burst a blood-vessel.

"Excuse me," he said, "but that is the best joke I have heard for a long time. Your two Irishmen and the ladylike young person in deep mourning were confederates."

Evidently, and when I saw next day the genuine Captain Barry and Macgillcuddy at their club there could be no question about my having been done—not only once, but twice.

The picking up of that confounded ten-pound note caused me not only a great deal of annoyance, but cost me £20 in hard cash. How I shall deal with a similar find is a secret known only to myself.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

SHOULD BOYS FIGHT?

When I first went to school fights were by no means uncommon, but I cannot say that the masters were actually aware of what took place for there were many retired masters where such matters could be carried on uninterfered and unseen.

The customs were dying out, however. Before I left fights were very rare, and the change in the growth of the boys was decidedly marked. Boys at the top of the school were not so many, and the smaller boys were far more cheeky and unmanly than they were five years before.

For how fights used to be carried out, see the account of Jan Ridd's fight in the "Ironing box," as told in Blackmore's "Lorna Doone." The late Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Temple, could and did tell stories of Herculean fights in past days when boys were not pampered.

Robert-street, Strand. OLD BLUNDELLIAN.

Fighting is excellent for boys, and "Mother" is quite right in saying that boys who won't fight ought to be whipped.

In the old days at Haileybury, fights were conducted on business-like lines by the old rascals court with the school-sergeant in attendance to see that all was right.

But in the early 'nineties the only fight I ever saw took place on the sacred green of the quad itself, with the masters dodging round pillars to avoid being seen, yet taking a keen interest in the proceedings.

OLD HAILEYBURIAN.

To "be a man" it is not necessary to have filthy finger nails, in spite of "A Mother's" obvious belief to the contrary.

To suggest that Eton boys are called "jotters" because they do not manicure their nails is absurd. I spent five years at Eton not so long ago, and certainly never came across anything of the kind. We kept our nails clean, or tried to, but that is only what every gentleman does.

"A Mother's" tirade against the substitution of ragging for fighting is quite out of proportion to the facts.

Has she never heard of football—a much better outlet for bad blood than a prize fight, and an excellent training for the battle of life. In spite of "No fighting" Eton still holds her pride of place both in the Senate and on the battlefield. And even fighting is not perhaps quite so unknown as "A Mother" supposes.

J. B. S.

ONE HOME OR TWO?

The suggestion that a man and woman should live apart from one another in the married state seems to me not only impractical, but actually immoral. What would become of the children? Would they wander from house to house, as though their parents were divorced? Or would the husband keep the boys and the wife the girls? But the plan is not worth serious consideration, and would, I am sure, increase the number of divorces as "A Mother" supposes.

CLERGYMAN.

RUDENESS ON L.C.C. TRAMCARS.

Will you allow me to call attention to the mannerless conduct of many of the conductors on the London County Council tramcars.

A great many of these men are exceedingly rude to passengers, especially of the better class. Women are often treated with direct rudeness, or made the subject of facetious comment.

Travelling a good deal in London, I have failed to notice such rudeness on omnibuses or privately owned tramcars.

OBSERVER.

ances lately Robert Lidliard never brought these new friends to the lodgings in Bloomsbury, but merely hinted of their existence to Cecilia.

One day the man announced his intention of painting again, and of making a new name for himself. What matter if Robert Lidliard's existence were forgotten? A greater artist should arise and take his place, so the half-crazy man declared, flashing his dark eyes at Cecilia. The pale girl bowed her head meekly, hoping and praying that his well-known humour might perhaps wean him from his drug, and make him more rational and normal being.

Cecilia's hopes were soon doomed to disappointment. Robert Lidliard's feeble attempt at painting only proved what a moral wreck the man had been. The pictures he painted, or tried to paint, were positive nightmares, vile and horrid in their imagery, out of drawing, and faulty as colour went, and yet betraying a certain touch here and there of amazing cleverness, which proved to what lofty heights Robert Lidliard might have climbed had he had chosen.

The man himself thought great things of his pictures, and would gloat over them and insist that Cecilia should praise them enthusiastically. He also made her sit for him for hours together, till the girl was faint and sick with exhaustion, and he would taunt her horribly about her affection for Jack Hallows, taking a cruel delight in watching the blood flood her face at the mere mention of the name of the man she loved. The hours during which she sat in the studio were hours of acute humiliation to the unhappy Cecilia, hours during which she wondered if it were possible that God had really meant that she should endure such misery, or if it was required of her that she should remain to the day of her death with Robert Lidliard.

Surely the Church and the law were inflicting too great a sacrifice on her youth and her womanhood, but Cecilia always strove to check these rebellious

thoughts of his.

"Antexema" is supplied by all chemists and stores at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d., or may be obtained direct post free, in plain wrapper, for 1s. 3d. Our family handbook, "Skin Troubles," full of information about the cause, nature, cure and care of skin complaints, is enclosed with every bottle, or will be forwarded post free to readers of the *Daily Mirror*, together with free trial of "Antexema." Mention *Daily Mirror* when writing, enclose three penny stamps for postage and packing, and write to "Antexema," 83, Castle-road, London, N.W.

A DOCTOR'S CONSULTING ROOM.

If you saw an analysis of a doctor's case-book you would be surprised to find how many patients suffer from skin trouble of various kinds. Those who have eczema, rashes, breakouts, or spots on the face and hands, form but a small proportion of those affected in this direction. You would not only be surprised, but you would be terrified too, were you to see the illustrations of skin troubles contained in atlases of skin diseases that doctors have who make a special study of this branch of practice.

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER.

The one point you should remember above all others is, that many, if not all, of the most severe forms of skin trouble might have been avoided, with a comparatively small amount of trouble, if they had been tackled when they first showed themselves. Everyone knows the danger of a neglected cold, and the danger of a neglected skin trouble is as great. Is it not foolish, therefore, to neglect the first signs of trouble and so risk real misery, and even unsightliness in the future? That is a point that we are anxious to emphasise.

YOU NEED NOT SUFFER.

Few things are more saddening than an incurable disease. For a sufferer to be compelled to look forward to year after year of illness uncheered by hope of eventual recovery is one of the most pathetic things imaginable. Skin troubles, however, are not of the incurable order if taken in time. Every kind of skin ailment, whether slight or severe, whether recent or of long standing, whether in young or old, may be cured by "Antexema." This may seem exaggerated, and even extravagant, and we should hesitate about stating this were it not for the overwhelming mass of testimony to the cures worked by "Antexema."

HOW SKIN TROUBLES ARISE.

No single explanation will cover all cases. Some are due to constitutional causes; there may be an excess or a deficiency of oil secreted by the oil-glands, of which the pores are the openings, or the blood may be impure, the skin may have been attacked by microbes or microscopic fungi, or it may have been affected in many other ways. Many skin troubles arise from people using unsuitable soap—that is to say, soap which, unlike "Antexema Soap," does not both thoroughly cleanse the pores as well as take the dirt off the surface. Then, again, many persons, especially children, suffer severely as a result of their under-clothing having been washed with an excess of soda, which has not afterwards been properly removed from the fabric. Obviously, if the skin is tender and sensitive, irritation and soreness will be caused by this.

MANY CAUSES, BUT ONE REMEDY.

In spite, however, of the varying causes of skin troubles, "Antexema" is equally suitable for all. It is obvious that some troubles are more easily and more rapidly cured than others—some indeed, disappearing after one or two applications only of "Antexema," whilst others take a longer time to remove, but all yield to the beneficial influence of "Antexema." There is one great advantage in "Antexema," the importance of which all sufferers will instantly recognise. The moment "Antexema" touches the affected spot the irritation stops immediately, however badding it may have been.

A REMARKABLE CURE.

A lady at Brighton who gives her full name and address and signs herself "A Grateful Mother," writes as follows:—"I am writing to inform you of the great cure 'Antexema' has worked for my little son, aged three years. He has been a terrible sufferer from eczema from his birth. He has been one mass of humour and wounds from head to foot, having been under and in many London and provincial hospitals and attended by several doctors, but all failed. I had given up hope of ever seeing him well when I commenced using 'Antexema,' and with the finish of the first bottle I could see what great relief it afforded, and persevered until he was completely cured. Everyone that has seen him says what a marvellous cure it has proved."

WHY NOT TRY "ANTEXEMA"?

You have read the previous articles in these columns on skin troubles and their cure, and must admit that what has been said is reasonable, and that the evidence quoted is conclusive and convincing. You still, however, hang back from trying "Antexema," and we think we know the reason. You have already probably tried other so-called remedies, and been badly disappointed by finding them an utter failure, and are, therefore, afraid "Antexema" will prove the same. If this has been your experience understand you from obtaining a perfect cure for your trouble. You can accept our word for it that the first bottle you purchase will compel you to believe that "Antexema" deserves all we have said about it, and more. If, however, you cannot exercise sufficient faith to accept our assurance, and that of tens of thousands of people who have tried "Antexema," then avail yourself of the offer made at foot.

WHAT WE OFFER YOU.

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Souls Adrift.

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Cecilia had passed four miserable, never-to-be-forgotten months with her husband in the dull rooms to which he had taken her in Bloomsbury, rooms which oppressed her with a sense of their dreary squalor, and which formed a fitting background for the life of tragedy which had begun—the tragedy of a woman's lot linked to a man she loathed.

The season of the year was bleak February, and London was at its worst, the skies leaden overhead, the streets damp and slushy underfoot owing to a recent fall of snow.

Cecilia sat over the fire in the little sitting-room, stretching out her hands to the blaze. It was early in the afternoon, but the room was very much in shadow, and the girl was not sorry, for darkness and gloom suited her mood. She was undergoing a bitter fit of depression and despondency, and the worst of it was that she could see no possible hope for a brighter future. Dull, colourless years seemed to stretch out ahead, years which would bring nothing but wretchedness and misery in their train, and meantime Cecilia realised that her youth was going from her, youth which, once lost, can never be regained.

Tears began to roll down Cecilia's pale cheeks—tears which she brushed away with a trembling hand, for the girl's nerves had begun to get really shattered.

Robert Lidliard would have been enough to break the spirit of any woman, far more a shrinking,

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(Continued on page 11.)

CUPID AT EASTERTIDE

Quaint Customs by Which Young Men and Girls May Show Their Love.

As a nation we do not make so much use of Easter for purposes of love-making as the Germans. Easter is, in the southern parts of the Fatherland, a sort of perpetual Leap Year season.

In nearly every village is a stream called the "Maiden's Brook." If you have an inquiring mind, and a sufficient knowledge of the German language, you ask the reason, and discover that the name is due to a ceremony that takes place as regularly as Easter-time comes round.

On Good Friday morning every rustic Fraulein who is still unbetrothed arises with the dawn and dons a new frock which has never yet been worn, and so can afford no clue to her identity. Then she ties a voluminous veil over her head, and takes from the family chink a small white vase, or pitcher, which is never brought into use except at this season. With it she hurries to the Maiden's Brook, for six o'clock is the appointed hour for beginning the rites.

THE USE OF THE VASES.

When all the unappropriated maidens are assembled they fill their vases with water from the brook and decorate them with flowers and vines. The object of each girl is not only to make her vase as pretty as possible, but to do so with plants whose language will best express the sentiment she wishes to convey. This done, one flower signifying love is placed in each vessel.

The next proceeding is for the girls to draw their veils over their faces, and carrying their vases in the folds, walk two-and-two in procession through the village chanting a mournful ditty concerning the sadness of unrequited love, and drawing a pathetic picture of how maidens droop and die when neglected by those who have won their affections.

In the course of the perambulation each girl leaves her "Vessel of Tears," as the vase is called, at the door of the young man she most fancies; and it is an unwritten law of the country that no eligible man shall stir outside his dwelling until the procession has passed.

NO BREACH OF PROMISE.

Between Good Friday and Easter Sunday, each young man has to discover as best he can the identity of the damsel who has bestowed such signal mark of favour upon him, for it is a strict rule that the "Vessel of Tears" must be returned by noon of Easter Sunday, but filled with beer instead of water, and decked around with ribbons instead of flowers. It is reassuring in these breach-of-promise days to know that the due observance of this does not commit the German bachelor in any way. But it is none the less certain that the vase leaving and returning of Easter tide is often followed by a betrothal at Whitsun.

Girls of other countries are little less clever in making Cupid play his part at Easter. The Italian peasant girl secretly sews a piece of her consecrated palm into her lover's cloak with the object of keeping his heart true to her, no less than that of bringing him good luck.

In Scandinavia, the original home and cradle of the Easter egg, country lads and lasses who are in

love, and doubtful, decorate an egg with a heart pierced by an arrow, and send it on Easter Eve to the loved one. If the gift wakes a responsive echo the recipient promptly puts another heart, similarly wounded, on the egg, and sends it back with all possible dispatch.

MERMAID REPERTORY THEATRE.

Mr. Philip Carr's Enterprise at the Great Queen-street Theatre.

Mr. Philip Carr will earn the thanks of all playgoers before the season has far advanced. At the Mermaid Repertory Theatre, in Great Queen-street, he is to produce old and modern English plays, translations of foreign masterpieces, and several original plays. The theatre opens on Monday with a revival of Sheridan's "Critic."

This is most pleasing news, for nowadays a play never has a "show" unless it is likely to run for some considerable period. Many good plays will not stand a long run, so the playgoing public never has an opportunity of seeing them. This is where Mr. Carr steps in. Any really good, original play Mr. Carr will produce, even if only for a night.

TO-DAY'S BOOKS.

MARIAN SAX, by Maria Althaus. Hurst and Blackett, 6s. A society novel dexterously told mostly in dialogue.

SINS OF THE CITY, by William le Queux. F. V. White, 6s. A story of craft, crime, and capital. Exciting, as one expects from Mr. le Queux.

THE PHANTOM TORPEDO-BOAT, by Allen Upward; The Shadow of Wind, by Mr. Upward. Stories of international intrigue, in which well-known persons are spoken of either by name or under very thin disguises. It is certainly up to date, as it is written round the Dogger Bank incident.

CITY'S NEW PORTRAIT OF KING EDWARD.



The miniature portrait of King Edward we reproduce was painted by Mr. Alyn Williams, R.M.S., R.B.A., whose portrait, by Mr. Hal Hurst, appears by the side of it. It was commissioned by Sir Alfred Reynolds, one of last year's Sheriffs, for presentation to the Corporation of the City of London. (See page 6.)

SOULS ADRIFT.

(Continued from page 10.)

murmuring of her heart, and comforted herself with the conviction that at all costs she was doing her duty.

Montague Stone was a great help to Cecilia in those days, for as soon as the portrait-painter had got over his severe illness and had learnt all that happened, he wrote a letter to Robert Lidiard informing the latter that for Cecilia's sake had decided not to proceed against him for his murderous assault, and that he had also forbIDDEN his servant to reveal the truth. The writer went on to add that he intended to visit the Lidiards as formerly, also that if Robert Lidiard resented his presence he would take criminal proceedings against him and have him arrested on the charge of attempted murder.

Lidiard had to accept the situation; there was nothing else he could possibly do. Accordingly Montague Stone became a constant visitor at the Bloomsbury lodgings.

It went to Montague's heart to watch Cecilia's sufferings and to feel that he was unable to help her, and he thought of her as a pale martyr, a woman a man should raise his hat to with wonder and awe.

He tried to smooth her path as much as he possibly could, and would have showered all the luxury in the world upon her, but Cecilia refused all his presents—all his gifts. She would sometimes allow him to give her a few flowers, but nothing of greater value, and despite as Montague Stone deplored being unable to help the woman he loved to more material benefits, yet he was obliged to admire her delicate pride.

It grew darker and darker in the little room, and Cecilia began to think of ringing the bell for the small smoky lamp, when the door suddenly opened, and the dirty-looking, untidy maid-of-all-work

entered the room. She was the servant who was supposed to wait on the lodgers, and she thrust an envelope into Cecilia's hand, saying that as she was coming upstairs she thought she might as well bring it.

Cecilia thanked the girl with a bright smile, then flushed up with some pleasure, for she had recognised Paula's handwriting on the thin, foreign envelope, and looked forward to reading what her friend had written.

Paula had gone abroad with her husband, and the two had taken their way to the Italian Lakes; so much Cecilia knew, but she had not heard from Mrs. Chesson since.

Cecilia knew that Julian Darelle had been told once for all by Paula that she would not desert her husband for him, and that the man had taken Paula's decision very badly. He had accused her of trifling with his affections, and had hinted that she was cold and heartless. But Paula had persisted in her resolve to be true to her husband, and had gone away fairly cheerfully with Mr. Chesson.

"I hope Paula is happy—oh, I trust she has found happiness," Thus Cecilia murmured to herself, as she poked up the fire so that a bright blaze of flame might enable her to read Mrs. Chesson's letter.

The bright flush of excitement died away from Cecilia's face as she ran her eye across the page, for she realised at once that Paula Chesson was miserable.

"You said I would be happy, Cecilia," so Paula had written, "happy in doing my duty, and leading what you are pleased to call a moral life; but I tell you I am wretched, abominably wretched, and what's worse, I am making my husband wretched too. I have chosen—deliberately chosen—to act the part of Cesaria's wife, and must continue to act my role to the end of the tragedy, but I hope the end won't be long coming. I hope—I pray it won't."

IN MY GARDEN.

Not Too Late To Plant Shirley Poppies—The Last of the Violets.

APRIL 21.—How lovely a spring garden is! But idle hours of contemplation will have to be grubbing spared, for the future, especially at this season, claims most of the gardener's spare time. Weeds are beginning to peep up everywhere.

Their prompt removal will save an immense amount of labour later on. Weedy lawns should be dressed with about four ounces of lawn-sand per square yard of grass. This will kill the weeds and encourage the turf to grow more strongly.

The violets have had their day—swiftly their blossoms fade. Now is the best time to make a violet bed for next year. Rooted runners should be dug up (or old roots divided) and replanted in a bed of good soil. Let them have a fairly shady position and do not stint water during the summer.

Hardy annual seeds can still be sown. Do not forget the lovely Shirley poppies. A penny packet will give you any number of these delicately-tinted flowers. Few gardeners grow the beautiful and easily-cultivated ornamental grasses. Yet feather-grass, animated oats, and similar grasses are splendid for mixing with sweet-peas and other flowers. They can also be dried for winter decoration. Sow now. E. F. T.

As a souvenir of the dinner at which Mr. Choate, the American Ambassador, was recently entertained by the Bench and Bar, on his approaching departure from England, a handsome album is to be presented to him. It will contain the signatures of those present at the gathering.

CANARY GUANO.—The best plant food in the world. Tins, 6d. 1s., and 2s. 6d. Bags, 14lb., 4s. 6d.; 25lb. 7s. 6d. 56lb., 12s. 6d. 1cwt., 20s. Sent free on receipt of 10s. 6d. per bag.

GARDEN.—The most perfect and up-to-date of all insecticides. For spraying, spraying, dipping, and sponging. Non-poisonous, does not stain or scratch.

CANARY GUANO.—Ask your dealer for "20th Century Gardening," with cultural instructions for use of Canary Guano throughout the year, or sent post free by the manufacturers:

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"SPECIAL"
(RED SEAL)
SCOTCH WHISKY

To H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

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OX TONGUES.
PRESSED BRISKET OF BEEF.
JAMS, MARMALADE.
PICKLES, &c.

POULTON & NOEL, LTD., BELGRAVIAN WORKS LONDON.

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PROGRESSIVE TAILORS.
A VARIETY OF PATTERNS TO SUIT ALL TASTES AT
SUITES TO MEASURE 30/- NO EXTRAS WHATEVER

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Self-Measurement Forms and Tape Accompany each Reply.
Branches where the materials can be seen in the Piece.

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Neave's Food

"Very carefully prepared and highly nutritious."

LANCET
"Equally suitable to Invalids and Old People."

MEDICAL MAGAZINE.

The Emancipator

Fels-Naptha turns the hardest half-day in the week into an easier half-day.

Makes wash-day half.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London E.C.

(Continued on page 13.)

THE BEST BICYCLES

On the Easy Payment System.



Bicycles of inferior construction have been freely sold on the instalment plan, but it is only recently that the convenient system of deferred payments has been applied to the famous

RUDGE-WHITWORTH

Britain's Best Bicycle.

A special department has been established at the great Coventry works, where all transactions on the Easy Payment System are handled with strict privacy. Any of the 70 models, ranging in price from £25 5s. to £15 15s., can be had on the 6, 12, or 18 months system, the instalments ranging from 4/3 per month. The machine becomes the absolute property of the purchaser on payment of the first instalment. Through all Dealers or from the Makers.

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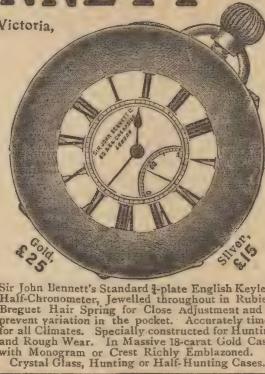
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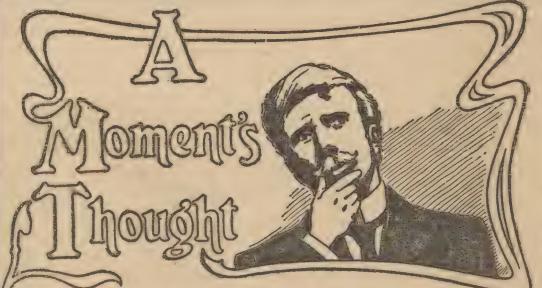
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will show you how important it is that you should always be in good health. You cannot work properly when you are ailing. You cannot enjoy living when you are out-of-sorts. You cannot sleep properly when you are unwell. In fact, life is not what it should be, if your health and general condition is poor.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

taken judiciously will act beneficially upon your whole system—will regulate the

LIVER, STOMACH AND KIDNEYS,
correct morbid conditions of these organs, and give you a clear head and a sound body. In fact, they will make you

LOOK WELL, FEEL WELL AND KEEP WELL.

If that is what you desire, take

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Sold everywhere in boxes, price 1/1½ (56 pills) & 2/9 (168 pills).



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SPRING SUITS } 12/11,
15/II, 20/-, 24/6, 30/-,
HARRINGTONS, The Great
Dept. I, SKIPTON, YORKS.

EASTER EGGS—TO-DAY'S PRIZES FOR THE CHILDREN AND MORE TO COME.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

PRIZE AWARDS, FOR PICTURES AND POSTCARDS.

It was as I thought. Nearly all the postcard stories were about parrots, and very funny some of them were. There were also some excellent monkey tales, to which I will presently revert.

Our artist, who always judges the picture competitions, sends me word that he has given the prize to Bernard Wild, Sunny Side, 1,163, London-road, Alveston, Derby. By the way, I never heard of a house that was numbered up in the thousands before, and wonder whether Bernard has put a figure too much or not? Bernard has coloured his pictures beautifully with chalks. But I think he might have made the leopard's whiskers more prominent. His monkey is excellent, and the parrot is a perfect beauty.

Highly commended are the pictures sent in by Gwen White, 40, Cecil-road, Muswell Hill, N., who sends me a delightful and beautifully-written letter, for which best thanks, dear girl; A. Watts, Mill Hill, Cowes, Isle of Wight; and Cecil W. Squire, Junction Hotel, 215, Cambridge-road, Kilburn, N.W.

I have had another letter which I wish to acknowledge, with many thanks, from Norman Robertson, Gordon Villa, Stapylton-road, High Barnet. Though Norman is only nine, he amuses himself on wet days with drawing soldiers and canons, and other such warlike objects, which he colours and cuts out, so that they will stand up.

The Postcard Prize.

I award the postcard prize to Jessie Hutchings, 53, Birchdale-road, Forest Gate, E. (who has written in a rather larger hand this week, and extremely neatly) for her story:

HAVE YOU BEEN EATING PICKLED COCKLES TOO?

While a family were away from home Cook had charge of the parrot. Now Cook was very fond of pickled cockles, and happened to leave a very tempting dish full near the parrot's cage. Polly tasted one, and finding them very good, indeed, finished them all. When Cook returned this out, in her temper she threw some hot water over poor Polly, which made all her feathers come out of her head. Cook's cousin came to visit her that evening, and sitting down near Polly, he took off his hat. He was very bald, which made the parrot say solemnly, "Have you been eating pickled cockles too?"

I received other versions of the same story from other competitors. Another tale that attracted several children was the one printed below, for which I highly commend Miss Daisy E. Pallett, The Nest, Sydenham-road, Croydon, whose sister Ivy (is it a sister?) sends me another good postcard:

SAVED BY A MONKEY.

A gentleman who had been travelling in Africa brought a large monkey home with him. The monkey loved his master very much, but he loved his master's baby boy still more. One day a fire broke out in the gentleman's house. Everybody was busy trying to put it out, and no one thought of the baby till it was too late. The staircase was already in flames. What was to be done? Men rushed for a ladder to reach the window, but a ladder was of no use now. As they were looking up with tears in their eyes, they saw a hairy hand and arm push up the nursery window. Then out came the monkey, carrying the baby in his arms. Down he climbed slowly and carefully, and brought the little boy safely to his nurse. How the faithful monkey was praised and petted for his brave deed! (Taken from "Chatterbox.")

I also wish to commend very highly the postcards sent by Daisy Lait, White Ribbon Restaurant,

Broad-lane, South Tottenham; Jessie Bailey, 39, Bleghoro-road, Streatham; Marian Kirby, Little Hickmott's, Marden, Kent; Charles Wood, 7, Castle-street, Oxford; Herbert Ford, Tyhurst, Andover (very clear writing); Harold Baldwin, 17, Smitis-road, Ashby-de-la-Zouch (excellent writing); Janet O'Doherty, 60, Wood-street, South Shore, Blackpool; James Rhodes, 5, Lambeth-place, Idle-road (there's a funny name; how can a road be idle?); Undercliffe, Bradford, Yorkshire; and G. Greaves, 241, Icknield-street, Birmingham, whose comical little tale appears below:

THOUGHT YOU WERE A BIRD.

A farm labourer came to a gentleman's house, and for the first time saw a parrot. He was lost in admiration, and stood staring at it. The bird looked, and said: "Take your hat off." The man, much astonished, said: "No offence, sir; I thought you were a bird."

TO-DAY'S COMPETITION.

I dare say you have already noticed the picture in the centre of this page. It looks very bare, doesn't it? It represents a chicken emerging from an Easter egg, and what you have to do is to fill in the chicken, which wants another fluttering wing. Next there are the three eggs below to consider. They may be any bird's eggs you like, or the eggs of three different birds. This is the nesting season. I hope you are not stealing the eggs, children! All eggs are not the same size, as we all know full well. Dear little Jenny Wren's, for instance, are tiny wee things, and the ostrich lays gigantic eggs. So choose three of a size and colour them prettily with your chalks and then all reach this office by Thursday morning next the 27th April, upon which date the postcards also will be expected, directed The Children's Corner, the *Daily Mirror*, 12, Whitefriars-street, London, E.C. And let there be heaps of both, please.



A fluffy chicken emerging from an Easter egg forms the subject of the above picture, full particulars of which, for the competition, will be found in the letterpress adjoining.

SOULS ADRIFF.

(Continued from page 11.)

according to the world's judgment, she was bound to him as long as they both should live, even though he was making her life a living hell. Was the world's judgment the judgment of fools? Cecilia asked herself the question gravely, then she shook her fair head. She could not decide, the whole question was too knotty—too involved, she only knew one thing for certain, that she, like Paula Chesson, was desperately unhappy and longing with her whole soul for forbidden fruit. She thought of Jack and of the intense happiness she and her lover would find together, and marvelled if she was wise or foolish to continue to live with Robert Lillard. Did God in reality desire so much sacrifice of her, and was she warring against natural instincts, fighting a desperate battle with unconquerable nature?

The sitting-room door opened softly and Montague Stone came into the room. He looked pale and troubled and carried an evening newspaper crumpled up in his hands.

"Oh, Montague, I am so glad to see you," exclaimed Cecilia, springing to her feet. "I feel so miserable, and it is so dark and dreary this afternoon. Sit down by the fire and talk to me and cheer me up." She pushed forward a heavy armchair as she spoke, but Montague Stone did not

sit down immediately, instead he looked at Cecilia gravely and said:

"I am afraid I am the harbinger of bad tidings, dear," he said gently. "I have come to break sad news to you."

"Not news about Jack?" stammered Cecilia. She clutched nervously at the back of a chair, and her face grew very white. She turned her eyes on Montague Stone; they were strained and piteous in expression.

"No, no!" exclaimed the man hastily. "As far as I know Jack Hallowell is all right. Oh, my poor child—my poor Cecilia"—his voice was full of intense pity—"does he still mean as much to you as all this?"

Cecilia nodded her head slowly, she could not trust herself to speak.

"The news I have come to tell you," Montague Stone went on, after a slight pause, "concerns your friend, Mrs. Chesson. I have just seen a telegram in this evening's paper." He began to spread out his pink "Globe." Cecilia followed his movements with dilated eyes.

"Paula—what about Paula?" she murmured nervously.

"I have just heard from her." "There has been an accident," began Montague slowly. "Mrs. Chesson went out for a row on Lake Como by herself. A sudden squall must have come up, I suppose, for later on they found the boat overturned, and Paula—" He paused and did not continue the sentence.

"Drowned?" muttered Cecilia. Her breath came in short gasps; the pupils of her eyes were black as night.

"Yes, drowned," muttered Montague Stone. "The news of the accident has only just been wired to England."

"The accident?" repeated Cecilia, her voice taking on a curious and unnatural tone. "Oh, it was no accident!" she repeated wildly. "It was Paula's own deliberate choice. As she couldn't have love she grasped at death, and, oh, Montague, Montague, why don't I do the same? For what's the good of my life to me?" the girl continued bitterly. "Paula followed my steps before, now let me follow hers."

(To be continued.)

After Easter

A NEW STORY
of thrilling interest
will begin in the
"Daily Mirror."

WATCH FOR IT.

"MY WIFE AND I"

NASTY HACKING COUGH,
BLOOD SPITTING AND INDIGESTION

CURED BY

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP.

"WE ARE BOTH PICTURES OF
HEALTH, NOW."

"I write to tell you what a splendid medicine my wife and I have found Mother Seigel's Syrup. It has done us both worlds of good—indeed it saved my life. About eight years ago I had a nasty hacking cough; my lungs seemed going to pieces; I began spitting blood; lost flesh, grew pale and weak and believed I had consumption."

"Later on my wife suffered much from indigestion; with pressure on the chest, wind and headache, and her food always caused her great pain. She, like myself, found no relief from anything but Mother Seigel's Syrup. It put us both right, and we have never been ill since." Letter from Emmanuel Clayton, grocer, 60, Wellington Street, Wheathill Lane, Castleford, Yorks.

What Mother Seigel's Syrup has done for Mr. and Mrs. Clayton it will do for you, your wife, child, sweetheart or friend. Give your chemist or storekeeper half-a-crown for a bottle and try it.

FROU FROU CREPILINE.
25 YARD 2/- 43" WIDE
WE GIVE YOU THE LINING FREE.

LADIES! You are sure to want a Crepiline this season. They are so very fashionable and dressy. We are supplying our Wool Frou-Frou Crepiline in Black and 20 Fashion Colours. 25 yards 2/- 43" wide. It is a durable and just to advertise same we are presenting Silks Finished Skirt Lining to match (worth 2/-) with other 25" length. **STYLISH AND FASHIONABLE** Crepiline FASHION we have an endless and charming variety from 1/2 to 2/- Charming Blouse Fabrics, Stuffs and Embroidered Goods. PATTERNS AND FASHION CATALOGUE FREE. HARTLEY & CO., 111, Stannington Rd., Leeds.

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Stains Grey Hair any shade. Does not stain the Skin. Easily applied. Hair becomes black again. Restores the Colour to the Roots, making detection impossible. The Clearest Colour in the World. No. 1, Light Brown; No. 2 Golden; No. 3 Dark Brown. All shades are obtainable. Send for post for 1/- 2d. 2s. 5d. 5s. 10s. and 10s. LEADERS and CROWN. FORD & CO., 32, Broad-street, Holborn, London, E.C.

Non-Flam

WHAT THE CORONER SAID.

At an inquest recently, the Coroner

remarked that if manufacturers

would not fireproof flannelettes for

humanity's sake, the out

of doors would be less than 60

to 70 per cent. of the burning

fabrics in last year's disastrous

outfit of burning inflammable flannelettes.

You cannot get over hard

luck out of your luck if you

wear Non-Flam—the only

flannelette which is thoroughly fire-

proof. Non-Flam does not catch

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by the Press, by Coroners and

the faculty. Test Non-Flam at our

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Desk 4/- Ayton-street, MAN-

CHESTER.

NORTHERN UNION TOPICS.

Will Oldham or Bradford Win the Championship?

THE CUP FINAL.

So far as can be seen, it will not be until the last Saturday of the season that the championship of the Northern Union League will be settled, and the Cup final is also down for decision next Saturday, in terrest. It will be kept until the very end.

Kaleidoscopic is the only word applicable to the changes which have marked the competition for League honours during the last few weeks. First Oldham, with a three points lead, seemed to have the championship well in their grasp, but crashing came to the rescue of Broughton Rangers and Wigan, ensuing on the blighting of their Cup aspirations, not only caused these to disappear, but placed them at a disadvantage compared with the Rangers and Bradford.

Then the Broughton Rangers, once fancied for double honours, lost two points to Warrington, and Bradford defeated Wigan earlier in the week, the League champion of the third group, but crashing came to the rescue of Broughton Rangers and Wigan, ensuing on the blighting of their Cup aspirations, not only caused these to disappear, but placed them at a disadvantage compared with the Rangers and Bradford.

Then the Northern Union Committee have granted the Hull club permission to play their League match with Hunslet to-day at York, and Millom and Densbury will decide their Second Division fixture at Barrow. Densbury, by the way, can boast a wonderful record, as they have not lost a single match since November, and have had their line crossed on only two occasions since December 10. They are already assured of promotion, and will probably also carry off the champion-

ship.

The Yorkshire clubs connected with the Northern Union Rugby League have been in conference on the subject of the reconstruction of the League, and their sympathetic attitude towards the scheme proposed is shown by the fact that they unanimously decided to appoint representatives to prepare a report. It is quite certain that, failing some reform, not a few clubs will be forced to the wall, masters having gone hard with them this season.

Next Saturday's Cup final is expected to produce a record gate, and the capacious Headingley ground, extensive though it is, will probably be thoroughly taxed.

Leeds has always proved the best paying place for Cup finals, and with Lancashire and Yorkshire represented on this occasion a big crowd should be present.

It is the first time Hull Kingston Rovers have reached the final, and their supporters are invited to make the most of the opportunity. Some 20,000 persons are expected to make the journey from the Third Port to Leeds. Warrington will also be well supported by their friends.

As to the prospects of the clubs, one hesitates to say much, for while possessing a sneaking regard for Warrington's prospects, it is not easy to overlook the Rovers' splendid exhibition in the semi-final.

HORNET.

Where Sport May Be Expected During Easter—Warm Winds Wanted.

Large numbers of trout-anglers are expected out in all directions during the Easter holidays, but the prospects yesterday, owing to the cold and unsettled weather, were none too promising. The cold winds are likely to retard the hatch of fly, and when the trout down in the deep water, such as a number of them from the south and south-west would be welcomed at the present juncture, as the trout might be expected to move well then.

Up the Thames, where yesterday the river was still showing a good deal of colour, few good trout have lately been taken, a result by no means remarkable, in view of the inclement weather. One of 8lb. has, however, been taken at Reading, and the author has had to face the landing-net in the Cookham waters.

Quiet sport is also reported from the Colne, Kennet, and other tributaries, but on the Lambourn (Berkshire) country trout have been in number, and a number of the Piscatorial Society taking over a dozen fish near Newbury. Anglers out on the Itchen (Hampshire) have also met with sport among the trout and grayling, but the river—now in full spate—of course, of season, were returned. Olive duns, the hare's ear, gnatow, and March browns have been the most taking flies lately.

Where Trout Have Been Caught.

The Anglers' Test (Harrow) have also yielded some trout, and the fish have been in number to rise well during the holidays, providing the right kind of weather is experienced. Sport has been very uncertain on the Derwent, at Matlock, Bath, Ambergate, and other stations, both weather and water conditions having been unfavourable.

On Loch Lomond and Leven trout of 4lb. and 2lb. have been secured, and some nice salmon from 16lb. to 20lb. have been taken from the Scotch rivers and lochs. The Duke of Bedford and Lord Titchfield have been among the successful anglers out on the Tay.

While spinning for salmon at Waterville (Co. Kerry) an angler, Mr. T. J. O'Gorman, and his son, were surprised to have hooked a large water bird, which had seized the spoon-bait. The bird was a specimen of the Great Northern diver, and it offered a good deal of resistance before being secured.

A very large trout has been caught in a trap on the banks of the Thurne, near Martham, Norfolk. It was forty-nine inches in length and weighed 25lb.

E. W. Bennett, the captain of the Wakefield Trinity F.C., has handed in his resignation to the committee, coupled with an application for his transfer. His resignation was accepted, and he has been informed that the question of transfer will be decided when the club is desirous of joining make application to them.

A fine race should be seen in the 100 yards professional footballers' event at the Millwall sports on May 6. Bob Hunter has invited the following players to compete:—Temple (West Ham), (Woolwich Arsenal), Tomlinson and Duffy (Brentford), (Leyton), and (Rangers), Baker and Stevenson (Millwall), Lennie and Soar (Leeds), Mainwaring and Corrin (Reading), Lloyd and Turner (Newcastle), and Stansfeld (Spurs), and Simmons and Carrick (West Ham). These names make a fine field of football sprinters.

TO-DAY'S FOOTBALL MATCHES.

ASSOCIATION.

LEAGUE—Division I.
Woolwich A. v. Everton. Small Heath v. Stoke.
Bury v. Aston Villa. Wolverhampton Wanderers v. Blackburn Rovers.

Division II.
Blackpool v. Lincoln City. Grimsby R. v. Chesterfield F.C.
Bury v. Barnsley. Liverpool v. Manchester U.
Burslem P.V. v. Bristol C. West Bromwich Albion v.
Burton United v. Glossop. Watford v. Middlesbrough.

SOUTHERN LEAGUE.

Luton v. Wellington. Bristol Rovers v. Brighton
Northampton v. Reading. and Hove Albion
Southend A. Queen's Park R. v. Watford
Millwall v. Fulham.

LEAGUE.

Brighton and Hove Res. v. Clapton Orient v. Southampton Res.

Southall v. Grays United.

SOUTH-EASTERN LEAGUE.

Hastings and St. Leonards v. Ashbury United v. Queen's Park.

Hitchin Town v. Southern. Watford R. v. Maidstone U.

LONDON LEAGUE.

West Ham Utd. v. Woolwich. Willesden Town v. Brentford Res.

Fulham Res. v. Millwall Res.

RUGBY.

YORKSHIRE CUP—Final Tie (replayed). Castleford: Wakefield Balne Lane v. Harrogate.

OTHER MATCHES.

Cardiff v. Belfast Colleges. Pontypridd.
Swansea v. Bala. Exeter v. Aberavon.
Stroud v. Broughton Park. Bristol v. Clifton.
Gloucester v. Leicester. Gwent v. Rockliffe.
Newport v. Northampton. Garryowen v. Treherbert.
Neath v. Bath.

EASTER MONDAY MATCHES.

ASSOCIATION.

LEAGUE—Division I.
Oldham W. v. Manchestr C. Sunderland v. Sheffield U.
Middlesbrough v. Notts County. Notts Forest v. Everton.

Division II.

Manchester U. v. Blackpool. Chesterfield v. Burslem P. V.
Bolton U. v. Grimsby T. v. Bolton Wanderers.
Doncaster E. v. Grimsby Tn. Bradford City. v. Leicester F.C.

SOUTHERN LEAGUE.

Portsmouth v. Totton. Southampton v. Fulham.
Watford v. Wellington. Southampton v. Luton.

WESTERN LEAGUE.

Brentford v. Queen's Park. Millwall v. West Ham Utd.
Rangers v. Crystal Palace. Plymouth Argyle.

SHERIFF OF LONDON CHARITY SHIELD.

Crystal Palace: Corinthian v. Sheffield Wednesday.

GLoucestershire CUP—Final Tie.

Bristol U. v. Gloucester. Bristol City v. Gloucester.

WELSH CUP—Final Tie.

Wrexham: Wrexham v. Aberdare.

ARMY CUP—Final Tie.

Aldershot: R.E. (Service Battalion) v. 2nd Grenadiers.

OTHER MATCHES.

Belfast Distillery v. Ashton B. v. Patrick Thistle v. Third Lanark.

Glasgow Rangers v. Queen's P. v. Lanark.

RUGBY.

Swansea v. Belfast Colleges. Neath v. Pontypridd.

Cardiff v. Barcarians. Bridgwater Albion v. Brough.

Bristol v. Aberavon. Gloucester v. Cinderford.

Plymouth v. Leicester. Newport v. Rockliffe.

Cork County v. Treherbert.

NORTHERN UNION.

LEAGUE—Division I.

Hull Kingston Rovers v. Broughton Rangers v. Leeds.

Wakefield Trinity v. Buxton v. St. Helens.

Division II.

Barrow v. Huddersfield. Morecambe v. Bramley.

Pontefract v. Dewsbury.

CRYSTAL PALACE ATTRACTIONS.

A PROGRAMME OF EXCEPTIONAL INTEREST AND UNUSUAL LENGTH HAS BEEN PREPARED FOR VISITORS TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE ON EASTER MONDAY.

The great Somali animal camp is one of the greatest attractions. Under the direction of Mr. Carl Hagenbeck, a number of native savages, with their wives and families, from the mainland, are housed in huts, and will give displays of their mode of hunting and travelling across the desert and other incidents of their every-day life in North-East Africa. A large number of zebras, giraffes, elephants, lions, and other animals will take part in the performances.

Football enthusiasts will be interested in the match for the Sheriff of London Charity Shield, between the Crystal Palace and Sheffield Wednesday.

Other special features of the day's programme include a grand band.

The day's programme will include a military tournament, balloon ascent by Mr. Spencer, an athletic and cycling meeting, variety entertainment, and a display of fireworks in the evening.

SEE THE "WRENCH"

PICTURE - -

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